

JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR  
PIONEER MISSIONARY  
*of*  
INLAND CHINA



I am the ☩  
Lord ☩ thy  
God. Thou  
shalt have  
no other ☩  
Gods before  
me.

Exodus 20:1-15



By this ☩  
shall all men  
know that ye  
are my disci-  
ples, if ye ☩  
have love one  
to another.

John 13:35



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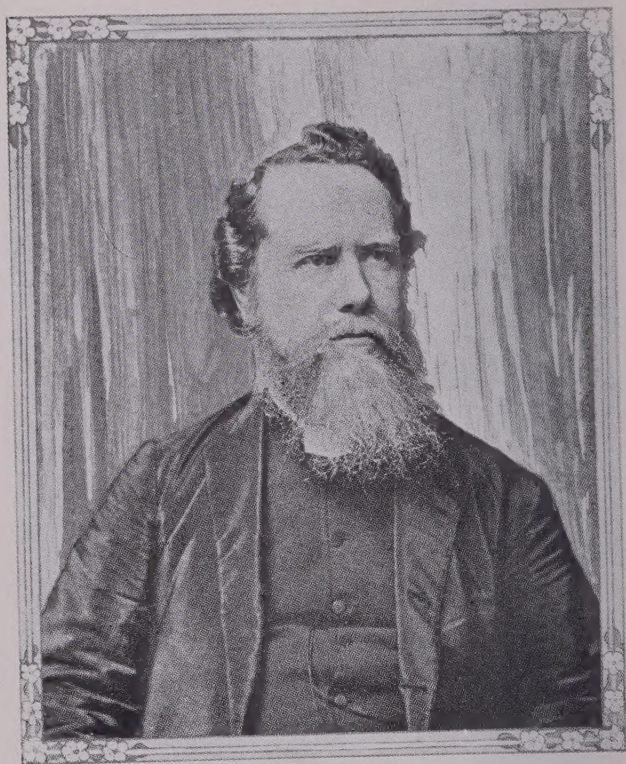
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**James Hudson Taylor**







JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR  
*PIONEER MISSIONARY OF  
INLAND CHINA*

By  
GLORIA G. HUNNEX

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*To My  
Little Son  
William Eugene  
Whose Grandparents Were  
Members of the China Inland Mission  
and Whose Father  
and the City of Whose Birth  
Is Now the Last Resting-Place  
Studied in Their Schools at Chefoo  
of Our Hero,  
This Book  
Is  
Dedicated*



## PREFACE

To condense into a small work like this such points as we trust may appeal more particularly to youthful readers, means the sacrifice of numerous other interesting events in the remarkable career of our pioneer. Greater attention, therefore, has been given to incidents in his *early* life, than to his life in later years and to the work of the great Mission of which he was founder.

The honored parents of the writer's husband were for twenty-five years missionaries in China. Most of that time they spent in connection with the China Inland Mission. It was in the spring of 1879 that my father-in-law was one of a party of new workers whom Dr. Hudson Taylor was escorting to China. He still recalls clearly the readings on the Acts of the Apostles which Mr. Taylor gave every morning during the voyage of six weeks. Of our pioneer, he now writes: "The reverential side of his character was exhibited in a marked degree as he read and expounded those wonderful records of the work of the early Christian church. With beaming face he would read the Book, after which with great depth of feeling and spiritual insight he would explain and illustrate the text, to the benefit and blessing of all who were present."



Spiritual and reverential as he was, the humorous side of Mr. Taylor's boyhood days was still seen in his mature years; and well for him and his associates that it was. It was not unusual for his party to have to sleep on boards when traveling from place to place, but he always advised them to select a *soft* board! When asked why he always traveled *third* class, his reply was, "Because there is not a *fourth*."

At our home in Shanghai we had the pleasure of entertaining at dinner one evening, young James Taylor, grandson of the hero of this story. Many other members of the Mission are still our personal friends; and their lives are worthy examples of self-sacrifice and devotion to their work.

To Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor's *The Growth of a Soul* the author is greatly indebted for the bulk of this biographic sketch. Also much valuable information came by way of *The World Wide Missionary Library*, Broomhall's *The Man Who Dared*, and Mrs. Howard Taylor's *The Journey's End*.

That the reading of the pages which follow may help my dear young friends to direct their minds and hearts into channels of sacrifice and service for the Master is my fervent prayer.

GLORIA G. HUNNEX.

Seattle, Wash.

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# James Hudson Taylor

## CHAPTER I

### CHILDHOOD DAYS

The young druggist, James Taylor, sat musing one evening in front of the open fireplace. Business had been good that day. Some of his poor neighbors who could ill afford to pay for necessary articles bought at the drug-store in the recent past had been cheered by the gracious words that fell from his lips: "It is all right; we'll send that bill up to heaven and settle it there."

His father and grandfather before him had been preachers in connection with John Wesley's reformation, and now his own influence as a local preacher too, was much strengthened by his generosity and by his skill in the management of money matters.

But it was not business affairs that held the supremacy in the young man's thought that evening. Arising from his easy chair, he slipped quietly into the kitchen, whose walls reechoed the beautiful strains of music that were pealing forth unconsciously from the lips of the industrious queen

of his home, who formerly was Miss Amelia Hudson.

"My dear wife, can you spare a few moments to read over these texts with me?" asked the affectionate young husband.

"Gladly, my dear; what texts are you studying now?" enquired his companion with love beaming in her eyes. It was a long earnest talk that followed concerning the happiness to which they were looking forward. It was those verses in Exodus and Numbers about the setting apart unto the Lord of the first-born that they discussed. Upon their knees in earnest prayer they consecrated to God the best gift they could expect him to give, and in response God honored their faith by causing them to realize that their offering was accepted for future service in the promotion of the Lord's work.

Thus with a godly heritage of three generations before him, a baby boy came into the home of James and Amelia Taylor on May 21, 1832, at Barnsley, Yorkshire, England. He was named for both parents—James Hudson Taylor. And it is his life we are briefly to trace in this book.

The new baby was bright and sweet as any loving parents could wish, but they soon found the little Hudson to be a frail, delicate child, which made it more difficult to teach him obedience and



self-control. Yet both the father and the mother realized what an injustice it would be to their son to allow him to grow up without discipline. Therefore, they agreed to stand together and daily seek God for wisdom in the training of their child.

His earliest recollections date back to the age of about two and one half years, when, if he had been specially good during the service in the chapel on Pinfold Hill, immediately after the benediction was pronounced he would be handed back across the seat to his grandfather, who always sat just behind. This transit from pew to pew and the clasp of his grandfather's arms brought a consciousness of good behavior, which he never forgot. At the age of four, he attempted writing a book about a wicked old man of eighty! "I only finished one chapter, laboriously inscribed in large print; it was not very long," said Hudson Taylor many years later. Teaching his little sister Amelia to walk, and playing "meeting" with his brother, when one was speaker and the other audience, and later the passing away of two little brothers, along with his own statement, "When I am a man I mean to be a missionary and go to China," ever lingered in his mind as childhood recollections.

Being now the only son, he made a companion of his sister Amelia, who was near his own age,

little Louise being several years younger. Naturally Hudson took life seriously from the first, yet he was sunny and bright and fond of boyish fun. There was little that escaped his eye, and his ability to enjoy things was very great. Always could he delight himself in nature, for he possessed sympathy, patience, and observation that unfolded to him many interesting facts. The cultivation of a little flower or fern brought home from the woods, a study of the habits of birds, animals, and insects, all possessed a charm for him that increased with years.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor taught their children the value of money by having them *earn* their own pennies. These they earned by doing simple little tasks suited to their ability. One day when Hudson had a whole penny of his very own, earned by considerable effort on his part, a fair came to town. Of all the attractions it offered, the one which Hudson wished most to see when asking permission to go was that of the stuffed birds and animals. "Joyfully he climbed the hill, . . . ran along the lane, . . . and sought among the bewildering variety of attractions for the birds and animals of his dreams." It was disappointing to find a fence around the enclosure, and at the gate a tall man who frowned upon little boys. But Hudson

showed his penny and asked to go in. To his surprise the man denied him the privilege, saying the entrance fee was "tuppence" (two pennies).

"I haven't got another penny," he explained timidly, "but I'll give you this one if you will let me in, and wouldn't it be better for you to have one penny than none at all?" The tall man in uniform was not able to see the point. Though Hudson persevered and tried to reason with the man, all his efforts failed in giving him access to view the wonderful treasures behind the closed doors. Poor, sensitive little Hudson ran home crying as if his heart would break. As usual, mother understood all about the trouble. Taking him in her arms and gently smoothing his hair, she explained that the man was only doing his duty, and that every one had to pay two pennies to see those lovely birds and animals. Then she said, "You have been so good and industrious lately that mother will give you another penny as a reward; so run off again now and the man will be glad to let you in." "This unexpected turn of events put everything right, and sent such gladness thrilling through the little heart that seventy long years afterward it had not passed away."

The Taylor children were made to realize that clean hands and shoes, nicely kept nails, well-

brushed garments, etc., were as necessary at home as in any company. It was thoroughness and self-respect which their parents required in everything. Their father reasoned thus: "It was not enough that his children were happy and amused, well cared for and obedient; they must be doing their duty, getting through their daily tasks, acquiring habits that alone would make them dependable men and women in days to come." No one was allowed to be late for meals or any other engagement. "If there are five people," he would say, "and they are kept waiting one minute, do you not see that five minutes are lost, which never can be found again?"

It was not much Mr. Taylor could give his children of wealth or worldly advantage, but he could, and did, imbue them with a strong, simple faith like his own. He taught them to reverence the Bible as the Word of God, and to "trust every promise to mean at least all it says."

Hudson's health was too delicate for him to go to school, but the education he received at home more than made up for this loss. Not only was his course of study systematic and his general intelligence developed, but the conversation of his parents and their visitors awakened thought and purpose to which the average school-boy is a

stranger. His father's daily life, as the lad himself grew old enough to share it, in no wise weakened these impressions.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, being very hospitable, often entertained strangers, especially when other ministers and fellow workers came for the quarter-day meetings on Pinfold Hill. It was on such occasions that the subject of foreign missions came up, and the little folks were delighted with many a story of far-away lands. China always held first place in Mr. Taylor's sympathy, and he was troubled because the church to which he belonged was doing nothing for her evangelization. Though a hundred years had passed since Wesley's great revival, and his followers were celebrating the Centenary Jubilee, and large offerings filled their treasuries, and world-wide prayer resulted in a great increase of spiritual blessing, yet among the new lines of work suggested for home and other lands none were destined for China.

Robert Morrison, first Protestant pioneer in that land, had died five years before, and no one had taken his place. Afterwards the children's interest was increased by "China," a little work by Peter Parley, which they read over and over until it was almost memorized. Hudson, who was then only about seven years of age, seemed to have already



made up his mind to go to China, and now Amelia was ready to cast her lot with him. Their parents noticed these childish purposes. They had desired that Hudson might be called to just such work, but his continued ill health gradually removed such hope from their hearts. Nevertheless, the Spirit of God seemed to be working in his childish heart. Often he went with his father on Sunday to the country chapels and seemed to enter right into the spirit and burden of the meetings.

But Hudson's concern for the welfare of others did not depend upon such religious gatherings. It was kept alive by the conversation of his parents and the influence of home. They not only set up an ideal, but actually made living for God the first and most important matter of their lives. However, his parents were well balanced on matters of religion. They delighted in giving their son and daughters happy, recreational times. Often on Saturday afternoons their father took them for long walks in the country. They loved the birds, butterflies, and flowers, and listened with interest to all he said about them. The monthly visits of the magazine on natural history which came into their home did much to deepen intelligent interest. From their father's drug-store, pill-boxes were taken. Into these they pricked air-holes so their

collection of insects and butterflies could be brought home comfortably. Then a little chloroform gave their catch an easy death, for the children were taught to avoid cruelty to anything that had life.

Other happy occasions came on Christmas Day, when all the children and grandchildren gathered at Grandma's to share the goodies in her pantry, and when the troops of merry boys and girls were allowed to play hide-and-go-seek all over the house.

## CHAPTER II

### LIFE AT SCHOOL—CONVERSION

Not until he was eleven years of age did Hudson Taylor begin his brief career as a school-boy. Even then, his delicacy of health made it impossible for him to attend regularly, as his ambition to learn made him likely to study too much.

Association with other boys was one thing he needed. Boyish sports did not attract him so much as to make him a favorite by any means. However, he made some lasting friendships, and activities on the playground had a valuable effect on his character. After all, school-days were not really happy ones for Hudson, for he missed the spiritual atmosphere which he had always had before. He allowed the joyous faith of childhood to pass away and for six years was unsettled in Christian experience, though most of the time trying hard to make himself a Christian.

But there came to Hudson during his first year at school a fitting word which he never forgot. It was through a speech made by Mr. Henry Reed, of Tasmania, in which the speaker told a true story of a convict under sentence of death who had not taken heed when the Spirit of God said to

him, "My son, give me thine heart," but had walked right on into temptation and finally had committed murder. The details of the story made deep impressions, and Hudson was never able to get away from the pleading of his conscience, "My son, give me thine heart," though a definite experience in his heart did not come until some years later.

In the school came unsatisfactory alterations, and as his father needed help in the drug-store, Hudson's experience in school-life ended just before Christmas, 1845. He was glad of a chance to help earn his own living while carrying on his studies at home. The new arrangement worked well. His father's library afforded all the books he required, and in the helpful companionships of home the troubles of his inner life began to pass away. He became conscious of a surrender of his heart to God, and for a time seemed to get on well; but another testing-time awaited him.

At the age of fifteen he went as a junior clerk into one of the best banks in Barnsley. Here he was well drilled in accounting, and in business correspondence, and in the absolute necessity of promptness and accuracy in financial matters. He also found his little corner in the great busy world and learned to take his place as a man among

men. But alas! an older clerk, who was handsome and popular, laughed at Hudson's old-fashioned notions; and because he was not firmly grounded in Christ, Hudson allowed the skeptical views of his companions to carry him away and cause him to neglect secret prayer. Overtime work at bookkeeping by gas light brought about inflammation of the eyes, and after nine months in the bank he was obliged to resign his position and return home.

Needless to say, his sunny disposition was now clouded and the happiness of home marred. Father tried to help him, mother redoubled her tenderness and prayers, but it was his thirteen-year-old sister Amelia who succeeded in winning his confidence, after she decided to go alone three times a day and pray for his salvation.

"There will be a story at the beginning and a sermon or moral at the close. I will take the former and leave the latter for those who like it," mused Hudson one June afternoon in 1849 as his eyes fell on a gospel tract lying near him. He was having a holiday and as he scarcely knew how to pass the hours, he picked up the tract and read these words, "The finished work of Christ." The text, "It is finished," then came to his mind, along with the explanation, "A full and perfect atone-



ment for sin. The debt was paid for the sins of the whole world." Then thought he, "If the whole work was finished, and the whole debt paid, what is there left for me to do?" With this thought came the happy conviction that it was for him to accept this Savior and this salvation. Thus Hudson Taylor spent the most profitable holiday he had ever had.

His mother was absent from home and would not return for another fortnight. To Amelia he first broke the glad news of his conversion. When Mrs. Taylor returned, Hudson was the first to meet her, and to say he had good news for her. "I know, my boy, I have been rejoicing a fortnight in the glad tidings you have to tell," she answered.

"Why, has Amelia broken her promise? She said she would tell no one."

"Ah, my son," continued the mother, "no one has told me. But my heart became so burdened for you that a fortnight ago I determined not to arise from prayer until the assurance of your salvation came. So clearly did it come that I have been praising God ever since for the answer, and that my only boy is again restored to the grace and favor of God."

### CHAPTER III

## A TURNING IN THE PATHWAY

The conversion of our seventeen-year-old Barnsley lad lifted him completely out of that frame of mind and worldly element which had dominated him for nearly six years. But it did not place him on unfamiliar territory. Had not the influence of childhood days, of godly home, and of praying parents and sister been hovering over him all these years of waywardness? Now that peace in his own heart was restored, and the former happiness of the home had returned, Hudson Taylor was so glad and so thankful that he could not but seek God for some special line of work as an outlet for his love and gratitude.

"Well do I remember," he wrote long years afterward, "as in unreserved consecration I put myself, my life, my friends, my all upon the altar, the deep solemnity that came over my soul with the assurance that my offering was accepted. The presence of God became unutterably real and blessed . . . For what service I was accepted, I knew not, but a deep consciousness that I was not my own took possession of me, which has never since been effaced . . . I felt I was in the presence

of God, entering into covenant with the Almighty. I felt as though I wished to withdraw my promise, but could not. Something seemed to say, 'Your prayer is answered, your conditions are accepted.' From that time the conviction never left me that I was called to China." As if a clear voice had spoken audibly, he heard the words, "Then go for me to China!"

A new epoch began in the life of this young man. The past—yes, when only a wee laddie of four years, was it not to China he said he was going when he became a man? The present—surely China was the meaning of his life now. The future—ah, "away beyond himself, outside the little world of his own heart-experience, lay the great waiting world, those for whom no man cared, for whom Christ died." His prayer was answered, his conditions were accepted.

With the coming in of the year 1850, Hudson was still employed in his father's drug-store, with good prospects before him. But another work, of which he now knew almost nothing, claimed his attention. How to prepare for it and reach it he had no idea, though the call to China was clear. Simply a young boy in a small town, what could he do for China? That great Empire of the East, so mighty in area and population, wrapped

in mystery, for centuries proud of her exclusiveness, forbidding strangers to peep behind the curtain of her seclusion, yet so painfully in need of the gospel—how could the insignificant Barnsley boy presume to become an ambassador of the King of kings to such a remote corner of the earth? “*Then go for me to China*” was the divine command, definite and final. So he began to pray long and earnestly for guidance.

To Mr. Whitworth, superintendent of the Sunday-school, he went, and received encouraging counsel. And being in connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society, this old friend presented the boy with a copy of St. Luke’s Gospel in the Mandarin dialect. Hudson learned that the Congregational minister in Barnsley possessed a copy of Medhurst’s work on China; so ventured to call upon him, asking for a loan of the book.

“Why do you wish to read that book?” enquired the minister.

“God has called me to missionary work in that land,” said Hudson.

“How do you propose to go there?” asked the older man.

“I do not know at all. I may need to do as the Twelve and the Seventy did in Judea, . . .

relying on Him who sends me to supply all my needs," was Hudson's earnest reply.

"Ah, my boy," said the minister, placing his hand upon the boy's shoulder, "as you grow older, you will become wiser than that. Such an idea would do very well in the days when Christ was on earth, but not now."

Heeding his parents' advice, he endeavored to develop resources of body, mind, and soul. He began taking more open-air exercise for physical strength. He disposed of his feather-bed, and as many other comforts as possible, to prepare for a rougher sort of life. He continued the distribution of tracts, taught a Sunday-school class, visited the poor and the sick, and engaged in any other Christian work that opportunity afforded. He was convinced that he must be a *soul-winner* at home before he could become one abroad.

As another form of preparation, Hudson studied the meaning of the Chinese characters in his little Gospel portion which his own friend had given him. He had heard that Mr. Milne, a coworker with Robert Morrison in 1813 in China, had said that the task of learning the Chinese language required "bodies of iron, lungs of brass, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of

apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah." But this did not daunt the zeal of young Taylor, who, after a few weeks, had learned the meaning of several hundred Chinese characters, though he could not pronounce them.

About this time Dr. Gutzloff returned from Hongkong to London and did much to educate the people as to the possibilities of missionary work in China. A new magazine, called the Gleaner, was started in London, giving latest news of Dr. Gutzloff's workers, as well as missionary information from other parts of the world. This interested the Barnsley lad immensely, and he ventured to write to Mr. Pearse, secretary of the Chinese Evangelization Society, asking for circulars, cards, etc., that would help him introduce the subject of missions to his friends, with the hope of collecting a few pounds for missionary work.

It was now more than a year since Hudson's call had come, and he felt it was time for more definite preparation for his life's work. Five years' experience in his father's shop made him skilful in the dispensing of medicines and even in prescribing for ordinary ailments. Keen on earning his own living, he thought that as an assistant to a doctor with a good practise he might provide for himself, and at the same time make progress with

his medical studies. After much prayer for guidance, an opening occurred in Hull for an assistant to one of the busiest doctors in town. The new apprentice took up work on his nineteenth birthday with Dr. Hardey, who was much esteemed in Hull as a good medical man and as a consistent Christian. But his luxurious home, of which Hudson was now an inmate, was too comfortable and easy-going to produce missionary training. The life needed by Hudson Taylor at this time, and to which he was being unconsciously led, was one which might be compared to that of "Moses in the wilderness, Joseph in Pharaoh's prison, Paul in the silence of the Arabian Desert." In another part of Hull was a little "prophet's chamber" which had few furnishings and but little of companionship and luxury, but there a sterner life could be lived apart with God. It would have been a most abrupt change, however, from the doctor's home of luxury to that plain little room which was afterwards to house him during his sojourn in Hull. To bridge over the change, when his room in the doctor's home was needed for a member of the family, he was kindly welcomed into the home of his aunt. With her he was very happy, so far as outward circumstances were concerned.



But he was hungry for the Word of God and during his stay in Hull he came across a company of Christians whose fellowship was just what he needed at that time. Little as he may have realized then, he was facing a very trying future on the mission-field, and the new friends he had found were, above any others he had ever seen, examples of faith in both temporal and spiritual things.

This brought to his notice the work of George Muller, of Bristol, who at that early date had hundreds of orphans under his care and was looking to the Lord for means to support a thousand. In addition to orphanage work, this man of faith did much for the support of many missionaries and circulated the Scriptures far and near in heathen and Roman Catholic lands. Hudson came into personal touch with penniless Muller, whose accomplishments through mighty faith in God alone, and without appeals for help or guarantee of stated income, were a wonderful testimony to the power of "effectual fervent prayer." Nothing could have encouraged young Taylor more than this, in the pathway upon which he was about to enter.

About this time Hudson took advantage of an opportunity to spend a few days in London. On this trip he hoped to get encouragement from Mr. Lobscheid, a German missionary who had returned

from China. The same trip would also give him a chance to meet Mr. Pearse, the secretary with whom he had previously corresponded. But Secretary Pearse, when Hudson called on him, was so busy in the Stock Exchange that he could not give much attention to Hudson during office-hours, though he could not help being interested in his Barnsley correspondent, whose bright earnest face bore testimony to the Spirit within. Mr. Pearse arranged to take him to Tottenham and the Brook Street meeting on Sunday, where Hudson met many people whose names he had become familiar with in the Gleaner.

Mr. Lobscheid was present at that meeting too, overflowing with information about his field, and Hudson had plenty of questions to ask. Evidently the old missionary's impression of Hudson was not very favorable, for, observing the fair hair and gray-blue eyes of the young man, he exclaimed, "Why, *you* would never do for China. They call *me* 'red-haired devil' and would run from you in terror! You could never get them to listen at all!"

"And yet," came the quiet reply, "it is God who has called me and he knows all about the color of my hair and eyes."

## CHAPTER IV

### WINTER AT DRAINSIDE

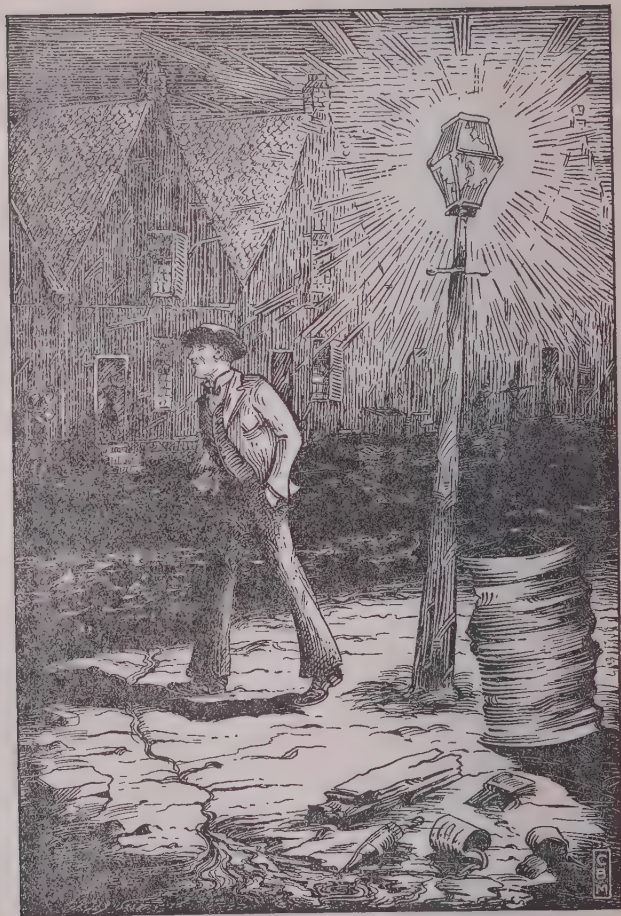
"A sitting-room and bedroom in one where I can board myself, and tithe my whole income, is what I must plan for," thought James Hudson Taylor one early morning-hour. "I do want more time alone to study the Word of God, and to visit the poor, and do evangelistic work on Sundays. Here I am, sharing Auntie's comfortable home with plenty of good food and pleasant company, but that is not preparing me for missionary work in China," ran his line of thought in the same channel. "Dr. Hardey is paying me well as his assistant and I must save as much as I can, and train myself the best I can for the foreign field. That visit to London with the Tottenham people has given me fresh courage and zeal."

Thus his meditation continued day after day until November, when his plans became a reality. Over in an uninviting neighborhood in Hull stood a double row of workmen's cottages facing each other. Between the two rows of cottages was a deep ditch, into which the people were in the habit of throwing rubbish to be carried away by the tide, whenever it rose high enough. This dis-

trict was separated from the town by vacant lots which were crossed by a few poorly lighted roads that ended with rickety wooden bridges across the drain.

The cottages were all the same size and shape, each having a door and two windows, one window above the other. In the end cottage, the door opened into the kitchen, and the steep stairway led to the room above. Mrs. Finch and her children lived in the kitchen and the room above, while the downstairs room—less than twelve feet square—added to her meager income by the three shillings a week that Hudson Taylor paid her for the rent of it. Mr. Finch being a sea-faring man, his visits home were few and his supplying of funds to his family was irregular.

Truly indeed, the prospective missionary was now situated so he could “accustom himself to endure hardness” in keeping with his conviction of this being a necessary preparation for future work. His walks to and from the Surgery were lonely, across the waste, unlighted outskirts of the town. His evenings at home were cheerless except for the little flame of his own hearth. Sundays were spent alone, except for the morning meeting and the hours spent among the crowds in his district, visiting the sick, and giving comfort and help to the



"His walks to and from the Surgery were lonely."

needy poor. "Boarding himself" meant that eventually oatmeal, rice, and brown bread formed the greater part of his diet, and he was surprized at how little he could live upon. But his finding so much more of his salary left, with which to help others, made the sacrifice sweet and kept him in closer touch with his Lord. And the need of a closer touch from the Divine hand he felt most keenly about this time, when his tenderest human affections awoke with bitter disappointment after a long, lovely dream.

The charming young music-teacher, finding nothing could turn her friend from his missionary purpose, finally made known to him that she was not prepared to go to China! His grief was almost unbearable. His faith in the faithfulness and love of God was greatly tested. Satan whispered thus: "Is it all worth while? Why toil and suffer all your life for an ideal of duty? Give it up now, while you can yet win her. Earn a proper living like everybody else, and serve the Lord at home. For you can win her yet." For days he was most miserable and had no relish for prayer. The burden was growing heavier. It was a perilous moment when his faith wavered. Like a flood the enemy rushed upon him. But enough. The Spirit of the Lord lifted up a stand-

ard against that enemy. Hudson felt much humbled and melted. But in drawing nigh to God, his broken heart was touched by the Great Physician, whose healing balm began to soothe the wound. "Though God does not deprive me of feeling in my trial," he wrote to his sister, "yet he enables me to sing, 'I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation.'"

Keener desires than ever were firing young Taylor's heart to make speedy preparation for his future work as a missionary. "When I go out to China," thought he to himself, "I shall have no claim on any one for anything. My only claim will be on God. How important to learn *before leaving England to move man, through God, by prayer alone!*" He knew that the one power that could remove mountains, conquer every difficulty, and accomplish the impossible, was *faith*. But had he that faith? Would the faith he possessed carry him through all that must be faced in China? Could he stand alone in that great heathen land? Had he stood alone in the homeland? Pondering these thoughts, he remembered that faith is a gift of God which is capable of great growth. He knew he possessed at least a small measure of such a gift, and that to be conscious of a growth in faith he must necessarily exercise the faith which



he already had. Exercise could not be brought about except by trial. Did he shrink from the *only* pathway that would lead him to a possession, before leaving England, of that precious faith, "which would move man, through God, by prayer alone"? Ah, no. There was no hindrance in himself for the answer to his prayers. With this object in view, Hudson Taylor set out to learn and practise new lessons. Experiences followed which have since encouraged thousands of people the wide world over.

The busy Dr. Hardey, of Hull, Hudson's kind employer, often stated that he would need to be reminded when the young assistant's salary was due, but Hudson determined to remind him only by asking God to bring the fact to his remembrance. As the day drew near for a quarter's payment, "I was, as usual, in much prayer about it. The day arrived, but Dr. Hardey made no allusion to the matter. I continued praying. Days passed on and he did not remember, until at length on settling up my weekly accounts on Saturday night I found myself possessed of only one remaining coin—a half-crown piece. Still I had hitherto known no lack; so I kept on praying."

At the end of the last service which he conducted among the poor people the next Sunday

night, a man came stating that his wife was dying and asking that Hudson come and pray for her. Readily he started, but the man's accent indicating that he was Irish, Hudson asked why he did not call the priest.

"I did, but he wouldn't come without a payment of eighteen pence, which I do not own. Besides, my family is starving," was the disheartened man's reply. The next line of thought that flashed through Hudson's mind was that he had only a half-crown, but all in one coin; that his basin of water gruel was at home for his supper and that there was something in the house for breakfast, but certainly nothing at all for dinner the next day. With this thought, the stream of joy in his heart staggered a bit, and Hudson began to reprove the man for allowing himself to get into such circumstances, telling him that he should have applied to the city for aid. He replied that he had done so, but the relieving officer could not come before 11 A. M. and he feared his wife would die before morning.

"Ah," thought Hudson, "if only I had two shillings and sixpence instead of this half-crown, how gladly would I give those poor people a shilling!" On down through a dark court the young man followed the older one, and as he came to

recognize the place he grew a little nervous, for the last time he had passed that way some one handled him roughly. The tracts he carried had been torn to pieces, and he had been sternly warned never to return! But this was now the path of duty. "Up a miserable flight of stairs into a wretched room he led me. And oh, what a sight there presented itself! Four or five children stood about, their sunken cheeks and temples all telling unmistakably the story of slow starvation; and lying on a wretched pallet was a poor, exhausted mother, with a tiny infant thirty-six hours old, moaning rather than crying at her side, for it too seemed spent and failing."

"Ah, if I had two shillings and sixpence instead of this half-crown, how gladly should they have one and sixpence of it!" he thought. Still a lack of faith prevented Hudson from obeying his strong impulse to relieve their distress at the cost of *all* he possessed. Certainly in this state of mind he could say little to comfort these poor people. But he tried to tell them not to be cast down, that there was a kind, loving Father in heaven who would take care of them, etc. But just then his words were choked by his own conscience uttering, "You hypocrite, telling these unconverted people about a

kind heavenly Father, and not prepared to trust him without a half-crown."

In these circumstances it was impossible for him to talk, but thinking he could pray, he ventured to remark, "You asked me to come and pray with your wife; so let us pray," and with that knelt down. But no sooner had he uttered the words, "Our Father who art in heaven," than conscience again checked him with this indictment, "Dare you mock God? Dare you kneel down and call him 'Father' with that half-crown in your pocket?"

A time of conflict came upon him such as he had never known before, and how he got through his prayer, whether it was connected or disconnected, he knew not. The poor man said to him, "You see what a terrible state we are in, sir; if you can help us, for God's sake do!" At that instant there flashed into Hudson's mind the command, "Give to him that asketh of thee." Slowly his hand withdrew from that pocket in which his half-crown had been carefully guarded and it seemed to find its way automatically to the hand of the poor man. At the same time these words came from his lips, "You may think from my appearance that I am comparatively well off, but in parting with this coin, I give you all I have." Now how surprising came the words, "God really is a *Father*

and can be trusted"! The poor woman's life was saved, and Hudson Taylor said his spiritual life had been saved from wreckage upon the rock of disobedience and unbelief.

Back to his lodgings he returned that night with heart and pocket both light. Even the dark, deserted streets through which he had to pass seemed to echo with the hymn of praise which he could not restrain. A restful night's sleep was followed by an unexpected call, early Monday morning, of the postman, who brought an unexpected letter, the address of which was in a handwriting unrecognizable. On opening the envelop, he found nothing on the blank sheet of paper to indicate who the sender was. But to his great astonishment, there was a pair of new kid gloves from which fell to the floor a half-sovereign coin! "'Praise the Lord!' I exclaimed. 'Four hundred per cent for twelve hours' investment, that is good interest! How glad the merchants of Hull would be if they could lend their money at such a rate.'"

Dr. Hardey had not remembered yet to pay the salary, and how easy it would have been to remind him! But in so doing, what about his own lesson—upon the learning of which he felt his future usefulness depended—"To move man through God by prayer alone"?

In less than a fortnight, Hudson found himself penniless again; and on Saturday night rent would be due his Christian landlady, who could ill afford to wait payment. Should he, for her sake, speak to the Doctor about salary? If so, he should have to admit to himself that he was unfit to undertake missionary work in China. Nearly all of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday when not busy in the Surgery, he was earnestly praying. About five o'clock Saturday afternoon, when Dr. Hardey had made his last visit for the day, and had finished writing up prescriptions, he threw himself back in his armchair and began speaking on spiritual things.

In the adjoining room Hudson had to give very careful attention to the work which engaged him at that hour. Suddenly the Doctor exclaimed, "By the by, Taylor, is not your salary due?" Hudson calmly answered, "It is overdue some little time."

"Oh, I am sorry you didn't remind me. You know how busy I am. Wish I had thought a little sooner, for only this afternoon I sent all the money I had to the bank. Otherwise I would pay you at once."

Fortunately for him, the job he was doing really required at that moment that he hasten outside. When the Doctor went to his house, Hudson finished the work he was doing, then sought a

quiet place for prayer, and ere long his troubled heart was peaceful again.

As usual, Saturday evening was spent at the Surgery, preparing his subject upon which he expected to speak the next day among the poor people. At ten o'clock he put on his coat to go home, knowing his landlady would have retired already, but he hoped something would turn up by Monday so he could pay his rent. Just as he was turning out the lights, familiar footsteps were heard, then a sound of laughter which meant the Doctor was amused about something. As he entered the door Dr. Hardey said, "Such a funny thing has happened! One of my wealthiest patients has just come at this late hour to pay his doctor-bill! Look up the ledger, Taylor, and see how much it is. Strange isn't it, that he should come this hour of the night, when he could write a check any day?" When the account was duly credited in the ledger, the Doctor was about to leave. Then suddenly he turned and said, "By the way, Taylor, you might as well take these bank-notes, and I will give you the balance of the change next week."

It was well for Hudson Taylor that he was alone the next moment, for his joy and his gratitude were almost beyond his control; not so much because of the salary in hand, but because of an-

other clear evidence that through prayer God does move men. And probably "after all," thought he, "I might go to China."



## CHAPTER V

### EXPERIENCES IN LONDON

"If I open the door or bid thee go, *wilt thou go*, even if thou canst not see the way clearly? Wilt thou trust in me? The very hairs of thy head are all numbered. Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Many other such thoughts engaged the meditations of Hudson day by day. "I do not feel sure that he does not want me to give up my situation and work my passage out to China; to go in faith, nothing doubting. I am patiently waiting for his guidance. In due time he will manifest his will, and then he, and he alone, can give me grace to fulfil it." So wrote James Hudson Taylor to his sister Amelia early in 1852 from his little "sitting-room and bedroom in one" over on Drain-side, while still employed as an assistant to Dr. Hardey in Hull.

His idea was to go as assistant to a ship's surgeon, but failing in that plan, then as a sailor before the mast. Captain Finch warned him of hardships and of evil companions that could not be avoided under the latter conditions. However, nothing daunted his faith and courage and the very fact that it would mean sacrifice to the point of

suffering made it seem all the more worth while for Jesus' sake.

The Chinese Evangelization Society had offered financial help, so had his father in Barnsley, but this was all refused with sincerest thanks. Willingly he cut himself from possible sources of supply, that he might make full proof through difficulties of God's promised care.

He felt it right to give notice to Dr. Hardey at once so as to go forward with his medical studies in London. Now that his decision was made to take the next step forward, he burned all the bridges behind him and went forth to the great city of London with no situation in sight. All his efforts there to find suitable employment failed. He had no savings to fall back upon except what he had put aside to purchase his outfit to go to China. But he wasted no time in worry about the future. Now all that lay between him and *want* in the great city of London was a few pounds for an outfit for China, a promise of help for hospital fees, an invitation to be guest a few days with his uncle while locating a situation, and a little pocket-money.

In the middle of September he wrote to Amelia: "Last autumn I was fretting and stewing, reckoning and puzzling about how to manage this

and that, like a person in water who can not swim, or like a fish out of it. But it all came to nothing. Now when the Lord opened the way, though everything seemed adverse, he first removed one difficulty after another, plainly saying, 'Be still and know that I am God.' "

One of the difficulties came from a least expected source. Having been in correspondence with Mr. Pearse for two years, he thought all arrangements would have been completed for his entrance into a hospital for lectures and study. But Mr. Pearse was a very busy man in other matters of business beside those of the Society, and Hudson found that he must push his own case through and wait not upon another to do it for him. It was his first experience with the red-tape workings of a fully organized society, and one that he never forgot in his future dealings with would-be missionaries. After several weeks of waiting and struggling, he was finally received into a hospital as a student.

So far distant was this hospital from his lodgings that at least two hours daily were required to walk there and back. There was the old-fashioned omnibus, the only public conveyance in London in those days, but the cost of this was quite beyond

the reach of the young student. There was nothing for him to do but to walk.

The story of Hudson Taylor's life in London would not be complete, without reference to a few incidents that added to his list of personal proofs that "man may be moved, through God, by prayer alone." To save his former landlady in Hull, Mrs. Finch, the cost of a commission when her husband's remittances were made to her by the shipping company for whom he was working, Hudson would receive the remittances himself and forward them to Mrs. Finch. One time she wrote asking if he would obtain the month's pay as early as possible, as her rent and other bills were due. At this particular time Hudson was working hard on an examination with the hope of obtaining a scholarship and could not afford to lose a day from study to go to the city to attend to this business. Finding he had sufficient money of his own, he advanced the remittance to Mrs. Finch, expecting to refund himself from her allowance when he could take time to attend to this matter after the examinations.

"In looking this matter up," stated the clerk, when Hudson applied for the amount due, "I find the officer whose pay you wish to draw has run away from his ship and gone to the gold-diggings.

Therefore, we have no money of his to be drawn."

"Well that is very inconvenient for me, as I have already advanced the money and I know his wife will have no means of repaying it."

"Very sorry," said the clerk, "but of course I can act only according to orders."

Though somewhat confused at first, Hudson soon counted this as another opportunity of trusting God.

Very soon after this while sewing together sheets of paper on which to take lecture notes, the young student accidentally pricked his finger, but forgot about it in a few minutes. As usual, he was called the next day to the dissecting-room. The body to be studied was that of a person who had died of fever, and was more than ordinarily disagreeable and dangerous. All who worked upon it dissected with special care, knowing that the slightest scratch upon themselves might cause death. Before noon Hudson felt very weary, and while going through surgical wards suddenly felt so ill that he had to run outside. During the afternoon lecture he felt so miserable that it was almost impossible for him to take notes. His right arm and side were full of pain. Finding himself too ill to continue work, he went to the dissecting-room to put away his

apparatus, and remarked to the surgeon in charge, "I can not think what has come over me."

"What has happened is clear enough," replied the surgeon; "you have cut yourself in dissecting and you know that was a case of malignant fever." However, when the surgeon examined the arm and hand, he found nothing to cause pain. Suddenly remembering that he had pricked his finger the night before, Hudson asked if it were possible for a needle prick at that time to be still unclosed.

"That is probably the trouble. Go home and arrange your affairs as quickly as possible, for," said the surgeon, "you are a dead man."

His medical friend being a skeptic, Hudson was glad of an opportunity to speak of the joy the prospect of soon being with his Master gave him. But to use his own words to the surgeon, "I do not think that I shall die, for unless I am much mistaken I have work to do in China; and if so, however severe the struggle, I must be brought through."

"That is all very well," said the surgeon, "but get a carriage and drive home as soon as possible. You have no time to lose, for you will soon be incapable of winding up your affairs."

On reaching the boarding-house he called for hot water, then while he proceeded to bathe his

hand, he exhorted the servant to accept eternal life as the gift of God through Jesus Christ. After lancing his finger to allow the poisoned blood to escape, poor suffering Taylor fainted away; and when he became conscious again, found he had been carried to bed. His kind uncle's private physician seriously said, "If you have been living moderately you may pull through, but if you have been going in for beer and that kind of thing, there is no manner of chance for you." Brown bread and water having been his diet for a good while past, all advantages of sober life were in his favor.

Slowly the days of suffering passed by, but when he got well enough to leave his room, he learned that two other men who had acquired dissection wounds at the same time as he had, both died, while he was spared to work for God in China. The doctor advised him to get away to the country as soon as he felt strong enough for the journey. But being too short of money for this, he simply committed the matter to God in prayer, and did not make known to friends in Hull and Barnsley his true physical condition.

While he was lying almost exhausted on the couch one day, the Lord directed him to go again to the shipping-office and enquire once more about the wages he had been unable to draw. He could

not afford conveyance, and was doubtful as to really getting the money, and feared the idea was a mere "clutching to a straw" rather than divine guidance. However, after further prayer he felt clearly directed to go. Without strength enough to go up and down stairs alone, Hudson Taylor's great scope of faith was all that moved him to set out on a two-mile walk alone. But for the needed strength he relied upon the One who prompted such action. Eventually the shipping-office was reached safely, and he was greeted by the same clerk behind the counter with these words: "Oh, I am so glad you have come, for it turns out that it was an able seaman by the same name that ran away. The mate is still on board . . . and I shall be glad to give you the half-pay up to date!"

Next morning Mr. Taylor felt like a well man, and went out to see the doctor who had attended him, feeling that, although his uncle had offered to pay the bill, it was right that he should go and ask for it himself, since he now had money to pay it. The kind surgeon refused to allow him, as a medical student, to pay anything except the cost of medicines. When that was settled, Hudson saw the amount left was just enough to take him home to the country, according to the doctor's orders, and the whole thing seemed so wonderful a work-



ing of God in his behalf that he could not refrain from speaking to the surgeon, skeptical though the latter was.

"I feel that under God I owe my life to your care," he began, "and wish very earnestly that you might become partaker of that same precious faith that I possess." In referring to this incident afterwards Taylor wrote: "I told him my reason for being in London, my circumstances, why I declined help from the Society and from my father. I told him how hopeless my condition was the day before when he ordered me to go to the country. But when I told him I got up and walked to the shipping-office, he looked at me amazed and said, 'Impossible! why, I left you lying there more like a ghost than a man!' I had to assure him again and again that, strengthened by faith, I had really made the walk. I told him what payments there had been to make, and showed him that just sufficient remained to take me to Barnsley.

"My kind friend was completely broken down, and said with tears in his eyes, 'I would give all the world for a faith like yours.' On the other hand, I had the joy of telling him it was to be obtained without money and without price."

## CHAPTER VI

### NEW DEVELOPMENTS

"Shall I continue my medical studies at the hospital? If so, will this not increase my obligations to the C. E. S.? It will cost them fully a hundred pounds if I finish the course, and then I should feel under obligation to work for their Society, else refund them the money." Thus pondered Hudson Taylor one cold winter day early in 1853 after he had returned to London fully recovered from the illness that so nearly cost him his life.

"Then too," the meditation continued, "that Society confines its efforts in China to Treaty Ports only, and I can not rid myself of the idea of doing missionary work away from the coast—seeking out those interior places where few white men go. If I allow them to put me through school and send me out, I should have no worry about support in China, for they would take care of that. But suppose I felt clearly led of God to take up work inland, and the Society wished me to remain on the coast, what would I do?"

Such thoughts as these engaged the mind of the prospective missionary very seriously. He must

make a decision quickly. His answer should be given to the Society in time to enroll for the spring course of study, yet he could not act before he was sure of God's guidance.

"Full many a prayer in those lovely spring days might have been measured by the mile, as he went up and down from the hospital and his place of lodging, but when the time came to go forward, he did so without hesitation."

Concluding that the most binding thing in all his life was faithfulness to his own convictions of the will of God for him, Hudson Taylor finally wrote to Mr. Bird, one of the secretaries of the C. E. S., stating clearly his reasons for declining the Society's offer. Thus he explained the matter to Mr. Bird: "If I am guided by God in going out, he will open the way and provide the means required. If a degree is necessary, he will supply the means for that also. If it is not necessary, it will be better for the time and money to be spent otherwise. And if I am not called to go, far better for all concerned that I should not leave England."

Slowly filtering its way from the inland provinces of China came news that astonished the Western world. The Tai-ping rebellion, which began in 1850, had spread over great lengths and breadths

in that secluded country. Arising in the south, it had reached the central provinces, coming into possession of the greater part of the Yangtze Valley, including Nanking, the former capital. Here the leader of the rebellion had established his capital, and had rallied his army to march on to Peking. How strange that a crisis like this arising among heathen people should be based upon Christian lines, but Hung Siu-ts'uen, the leader, was making it so. The Bible was his foundation, yet how little he understood of its spiritual teaching!

A gospel tract had been given to him by one of Robert Morrison's converts. Afterwards he spent a few months studying the Scriptures under the American Baptist Missionary Union. Upon return to his own province, Kwangsi, he began teaching others this new religion. He forbade opium-smoking and welcomed western people, something quite contrary to Chinese pride and superstition. By and by the Chinese authorities persecuted him bitterly. His followers took up arms, and soon the disturbance became warlike. They tried to crush idolatry and explained Christianity to the people the best they could, although very few, if any, really grasped a clear idea of it. Through fear of the conquering army, the nation was gradually submitting to the new leader.

What a bright outlook for missionary work in China! Christian hearts in Western lands could not but beat high with hope. No wonder that with these tidings, Hudson Taylor felt disposed to drop his medical studies in London and work his passage out to China right away. Yet in spite of his ambitions, he felt inclined to act upon the teachings of Christ, to count well the cost before beginning to build. If he succeeded in reaching China without funds, how could he carry on missionary work without them?

"It is three and one half years since God said, 'Go for me to China.' Now her very doors appear to have been flung wide open for Christianity," reasoned young Taylor with his own heart. "Am I really prepared in every way except for the unfinished course of my medical study?"

In view of new developments in China, the Chinese Evangelization Society were considering their duty and responsibility in a little different light than hitherto. The Secretary sat in his office writing. It was Saturday afternoon, and the letter still lay on his desk. Tap, tap, tap, came a knock on his office door.

"Come in." Gently the door opened and the visitor stepped in.

"Why, I have just been writing to you!" ex-

claimed the Secretary, "the letter has not been posted yet." Long and earnest and serious was the conversation that followed on the topics suggested in this letter that was never mailed:

"17 Red Lion Square, London,

"June 4, 1853.

"My Dear Sir:

"As you have fully made up your mind to go to China, and also not to qualify as a surgeon, I would affectionately suggest that you lose no time in preparing to start.

"At this time we want really devoted men and I believe your heart is right before God and your motives pure, so that you need not hesitate in offering.

"I think you will find difficulty in carrying out your plan (of self-support), as even Mr. Lobschied could not get a free passage. It is a very difficult thing to obtain. The expense for a single man is about £60. . . . If you think it right to offer yourself, I shall be most happy to lay your application before the Board. It is an important step, and much earnest prayer is needed.

"But guidance will be given. Do with thy might, and speedily. I am, my dear sir,

"Very truly yours,

"Charles Bird."

After the rising and setting of two more suns during those long balmy days in June, a middle-aged lady in Barnsley received a letter. She recognized the handwriting at a glance. Standing her broom in a corner, she seated herself on the back door-step to read the silent message. Several pages were occupied in explaining the interview with Mr. Bird on Saturday, and then Hudson Taylor concluded: "I think, Mother dear, it will be well to comply with Mr. Bird's suggestion, and propose myself to the Committee. I shall await your answer, however, and rely upon your prayers. If I should be accepted to go at once, would you advise me to come home before sailing? . . . I almost think it would be easier for us not to meet, than having met, to part again forever. No, not forever! . . . It is easy to talk of leaving all for Christ, but when we come to the test, it is only as we stand complete in him we can go through with it. God bless you, my own dear, dear Mother. Can not write more, but hope to hear from you soon as possible. Pray much for me."

## CHAPTER VII

### THE VOYAGE AND ARRIVAL

September 19, 1853, the double-masted sailing-vessel *Dumfries* left Liverpool, England, for Shanghai, China. Before her moorings were loosed, a little farewell service was held in a cabin near the stern. James Hudson Taylor with his beloved mother and one or two friends prayed those simple prayers of deep feeling which reach the throne so easily. A psalm was read and a few hymns sung. Then the boat began moving slowly from the pier.

Both hearts were as brave as any could be in similar circumstances, though actually to experience the final farewell meant more than they had realized. "Dear Mother," he said, "do not weep. It is but for a little while and we shall meet again. Think of the glorious object I have in leaving you! It is not for wealth or fame, but to try to bring the poor Chinese to the knowledge of Jesus." Tearing a blank leaf from his Bible, he wrote, "The love of God which passeth knowledge. J. H. T.," then threw it across to his mother on the pier.

"While we waved our handkerchiefs," wrote Mother Taylor to friends afterwards, "he took his stand at the head, afterwards climbed into the rigging, waving his hat, looking more like a victor-



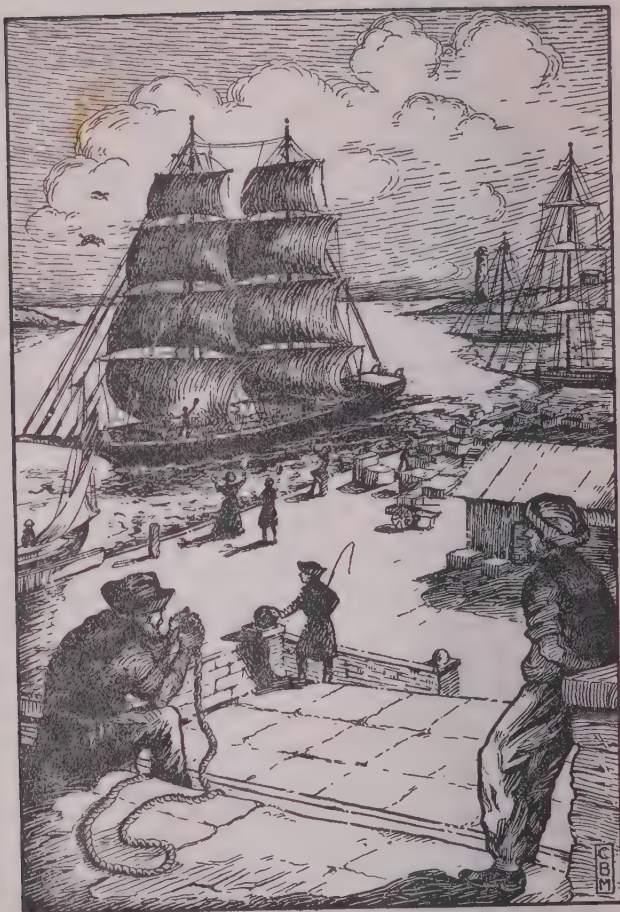
ious hero, than a stripling just entering the battle-field. Then his figure became less and less distinct, and in a few moments passenger and ship were lost to sight."

Twelve most anxious days followed. An equinoctial gale drifted the little sailing-vessel from coast to coast between Wales and Ireland, many times nearly dashing the little craft to pieces on the rocks. The officers said they had never seen a wilder sea. One moment the boat was high in the air, and the next plunging head first into the trough of the sea as if about to go to the bottom.

"Unless God help us," said the Captain, "there is no hope."

And the scripture was brought to Hudson Taylor's mind, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Very earnestly did the young missionary pray, but he was really calm in his soul amid the furious lashings of the waves.

While the Captain was making his final maneuver to save his ship from being dashed to kindling on the rocks, the wind most providentially veered two points in his favor, and at last after those twelve long, terrifying days they were able really to clear the coast and put out to sea.



"While we waved our handkerchiefs, he took his stand at the head, waving his hat."

Much to Hudson Taylor's delight he found another Christian young man on board, and with the Captain's permission they held gospel services among the crew.

Early in December they rounded the cape of Good Hope, and on January 5, 1854, reached the nearest point to western Australia, only 120 miles distant, then steered a perilous course through the East-Indian Islands to the Pacific Ocean and the China Sea, and dropped anchor at Woosung, China, on March 1, 1854.

Thus five and a half long months were required to make the voyage from Liverpool to Shanghai in those early days by sailing-vessel, whereas now it can be made in less than that many weeks by steamship.

Our young missionary's journal was full of interesting happenings along the way, but even more space was given to accounts of inner-life experiences. The following is a typical entry: "Dec. 31. On reviewing the mercies of the year, and the goodness of God to me in it, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. . . . 'Here I raise my Ebenezer.' 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.' Spent the last moments of the year in prayer . . . and found the Lord very precious."

While the Dumfries lay at anchor in a fog,

waiting for a pilot to take her up the Whangpoo River from Woosung to Shanghai, the young missionary was muffled in his heaviest wraps, pacing up and down the deck. For days his luggage had been packed and he was ready to leave the ship. "What peculiar feelings arise," he wrote, "at the prospect of soon landing in an unknown country, in the midst of strangers, a country now to be my home and sphere of labor. 'Lo, I am with thee alway.' 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Sweet promises, I have nothing to fear with Jesus on my side."

What was that being eagerly watched from the *Dumfries*? Ah, a picturesque sail, and curiously painted hull; twelve or fourteen dark-eyed, yellow-skinned and blue-garmented boatmen, chattering in an unknown tongue—the first Chinese Hudson Taylor ever had heard! How his heart went out to them! Behind the strange, uncouth exterior, he saw the treasure he had come so far to seek, the souls for which Christ died. "I did long," he wrote, "to be able to tell them the glad tidings." As the *Dumfries* slowly moved on, the young missionary caught sight of a low-lying shore, running far to the north and the south. How it held his attention! His prayers were answered. The dream

of years had come true. He was looking on China at last.

He wrote: "My feelings on stepping ashore, I can not describe. My heart felt as though it had not room and must burst its bonds, while tears of gratitude and thankfulness fell from my eyes." A sense of loneliness crept over him, as he realized he had not an acquaintance anywhere, and not a single hand held out to welcome him. But he had three letters of introduction to people who were friends of his acquaintances in England, and naturally he expected advice from them. Enquiring for the one upon whom he relied for the most help, young Taylor was sorrowfully surprized to learn that this man had died of fever only a month or two before. With the second letter of introduction he set out to find the missionary to whom it was addressed, only to learn that the hoped-for friend had recently left for America! Imagine the disappointment of the new missionary, as he took up his third letter of introduction, from which he had all along anticipated the least help, for it had been given him by a stranger. It proved, however, to be God's channel of help.

Leaving the British Consulate, he wended his way for some distance across the Foreign Settlement, in search of the London Mission Compound.

Strange sights, sounds, and smells greeted him from every angle. In the narrow, crowded streets he saw hundreds of skirted men with long cues hanging down their backs, and as many trousered women, with embroidered silk slippers covering their tiny bound feet.

By and by he found himself before an open gateway. Within the enclosure there was a mission chapel, hospital, and several dwelling-houses. He enquired for Dr. Medhurst, to whom his third letter of introduction was addressed, but was told that he was no longer living on the Compound! While much perplexed as to his next step, Mr. Edkins, a junior missionary, came to his rescue. Then followed an introduction to all the other missionaries of the Compound, including Dr. Lockhart, who, fortunately, had a room that could be spared for the new missionary, whose coming was unannounced. Mr. and Mrs. Burdon, a newly married couple, invited him to dinner that evening, and from the first were drawn to Hudson Taylor in a sympathy to which he warmly responded. The next morning he brought his luggage ashore from the *Dumfries*, bought necessary books, hired a teacher, and was ready to begin studying the Chinese language in the Mandarin Dialect, the most widely spoken in China. That evening at

the weekly prayer-meeting of the missionary circle in Shanghai, Mr. Taylor was introduced to other missionaries and was made to feel much at home among them.

Before a week ended he saw much of another side of life in Shanghai at that time. The favorable reports that had come to England the year before were marked with many changes during the five and a half months that the young missionary was on his voyage. Both the Foreign Settlement and the native city of Shanghai had been plunged into all the horrors of war.

A local band of Rebels known as the "Red Turbans" had obtained possession of the city, around which was now encamped an Imperial army of forty to fifty thousand men, the latter proving a more serious danger to the European community than even the Rebels themselves.

Now in addition to the horrors of the war, he was facing another serious problem brought about by the war. The good people of the London Mission Compound had housed him ever since his unexpected arrival in Shanghai, and his sensitive nature was feeling very keenly his indebtedness to their generosity. Every day he had searched for a house or even for a room that he could rent and call his own. But so many houses in the native



city had just been destroyed by the war, and hundreds of Chinese had flocked into the Foreign Settlement for better protection, so that it seemed impossible to obtain a suitable room anywhere. Furthermore, the Crimean War, in which England was involved, had broken out that same spring; which, in connection with the Tai-ping rebellion, now at such a terrible stage in China, altered the value of English money.

In normal times, four shillings would buy a Chinese dollar, but now six or even seven were required, and the cost was still increasing. Thus for the small sum of English money which Hudson Taylor had upon landing in Shanghai, he could not obtain many Chinese dollars. And these few dollars did not promise to last very long, while war and famine prices had to be paid for everything. Letters and money were expected from London, but nothing had come yet. His situation became more and more critical. True, he was in a good home, had plenty to eat, and was in comparative safety so far as the war was concerned. The help he received from the members of the L. M. S. in many ways was of untold value. But as he did not belong to their Society, he was not prepared to work with or for them. Therefore he felt like an "intruder in another bird's nest."



Summer was now upon them when one lives in a sweat-bath nearly all the time, for it is not uncommon for the temperature to keep at 80 degrees at night for weeks at a time. Prickly heat and mosquitoes also had to be reckoned with, and the young missionary found much grace was needed to bear all this without irritability, and at the same time keep on steadily with the study of the Chinese language. His shortage of salary, and the impossibility of obtaining a house—unless he bought land and built—had been laid before the home secretaries over and over again, yet in none of their letters was reference made to any of these difficulties.

As a climax to Mr. Taylor's troubles, news came in a round-about way that the C. E. S. was sending out Dr. Parker with his wife and three children to Shanghai. Yet no information direct from the Society came to this effect, which made the situation all the more embarrassing. Of course he would be expected to have lodging for them; but how could he when a house or even a room for himself could not be rented in the Settlement nor the native city? And he had not the money to build. Questions of all kinds were put to him as to where these people would live: Does the Society advise you to build? Have you bought

land? When will they arrive? But a definite answer could be given to none of them. "I have made it a matter of prayer, and have given it entirely into the Lord's hands. He will provide and be my Guide in this, as well as in every other perplexing step," said Mr. Taylor.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A HOUSE—A BEGINNING—REIN- FORCEMENTS

Right among the people, near Imperial camps, within range of their guns and those of the Rebels, was a native house built of wood, very old and rickety, with seven rooms down-stairs and five up, doors and passages without number, heaps of dirt and rubbish everywhere—ten or more days in making the bargain for this through interpreters, and Hudson Taylor was in possession of the key to a shelter wherein he could live his independent life once more, and where he could have a place to take expected colleagues upon their arrival.

Happy in this prospect, on August 30 he bade farewell to the kind friends with whom he had lived during his first six months in China. He was able to speak a little of the language now, and felt that he was able to begin a small work of his own. The Chinese soon got to know that the white man living among them was a doctor; so many sick ones came to him for treatment. While medical aid was being provided, they were always told about Jesus the Savior. A day-school was soon opened for both boys and girls and was well

attended. With everything in working order, and his heart full of God's blessing, Mr Taylor began to taste some of the real joys which belong to missionary life.

Interwoven with these new joys came trials great and small. Difficulties of household management; quarrels between his servants and the neighbors; deep concern for his cook, who had taken typhus fever, disappointment with one of his teachers, who had to be dismissed; discouragement in language-study—all these on top of several attacks of sickness made him unfit to bear the strain of the skirmishing soldiers.

Added to these difficulties came a sorrow occasioned by the death of Mrs. Burdon, for she and Mr. Burdon had been his most intimate friends. Then too, his anxiety about money matters was increasing, no advice from the Society having yet come. His own funds were exhausted, and he was compelled to make use of a "letter of credit" they had given him before leaving London; but even this did not say to what extent his bills would be honored.

In considering the life of this young man we must not forget that the deepest yearnings of his soul, and his most earnest prayers, were, not for fame or honor, but for "wide-spread usefulness." Could

he, at the time of his earliest Christian experience, have looked fifty years into the future and have understood what of sorrow, suffering, and trial was necessary for an answer to his prayers, would he have shrunk from the scene? Would he have ceased to pray that prayer? The hero of our story prayed prayers that were to be answered far beyond what he asked or thought. But before such marvelous answers came, he had to go through needed training at the hands of the Great Teacher. He needed to suffer that his heart might be made stronger, yet more tender than others. Little as he or any one else imagined, he was the pioneer of a work in China in which hundreds of others were to engage later. Therefore, he must feel every burden that his followers might be compelled to feel. "He who was to be used of God to dry so many tears must himself weep. He who was to encourage thousands in a childlike trust must learn in his own case deep lessons of a Father's loving care. So difficulties were permitted to gather round him, especially at first when every impression was vivid and lasting—difficulties attended by many a deliverance to cheer him on his way."

November came. The almost unbearable hot days and nights were followed by the sharp winds of autumn whizzing through crevices of the old

house at the North Gate. It could not be warmed even if there were plenty of stoves and fuel. The occupant had only two thin blankets. His clothing had all become so shabby that he was ashamed to be seen by other missionaries. What was to be done with Dr. and Mrs. Parker and their three children who were now so soon to arrive in Shanghai? He had thought that difficulty was met, in taking the big house. But finding it now too uncomfortable for even a single young man, he was very sure that a woman with three children could not spend a night there. His last dollar was almost gone. He did not know where the next was coming from. Neither money nor instructions had come from the Society. The situation among the soldiers all about him was becoming more desperate. Where to go or what to do, he knew not.

In reality though he did know. Had he not overcome past difficulties by prayer? Upon his knees, then, he determined to seek an answer to his present problems. It was while he was in this attitude of body and of mind that a messenger came to say Mr. Burdon was taking his motherless babe out of their cozy little home from which the light had fled, and if he wished to rent the house he must take it at once! Another missionary who was also seeking a home for his family

was glad to pay half the rent for the use of three rooms in Mr. Burdon's house. With considerable pain at having to leave the scene of his first direct missionary work, Mr. Taylor returned on Saturday, November 25, to the same home in which he had been made so welcome upon his arrival in China.] — *Bur*

On Monday while he was at the North Gate to remove the last of his belongings, the long-expected Dr. Parker arrived! In the joy of meeting, and in the excitement of bringing their luggage from the ship, Mr. Taylor had not thought of the impression the small and practically unfurnished house into which he was taking the new arrivals would make upon them. But they were strong, sensible Scotch people, quite prepared to put up with hardships.

Only a thin partition separated the nursery from Hudson Taylor's bedroom, which had to be used by both Dr. Parker and Mr. Taylor himself as a study. Each had his own teacher at the same time in one small room. This could be met with comparative ease for a few hours at a time, or even for a few weeks, but when it came to being stretched over the entire winter and spring, much grace was required on the part of all to keep sweet-tempered.

Added to this worry and strain was the money-matter suspense. The C. E. S. was very tardy in sending money or even a letter of credit to either Dr. Parker or Hudson Taylor. The former's ability as a medical man would have provided a very comfortable living for his family in Shanghai, and the temptation to accept offered positions was strong. However, trueness to his calling then, meant a sacrifice which the Lord was pleased richly to reward in his own way and time.



## CHAPTER IX

### A HOUSE-BOAT ITINERANT

Mr. Edkins hired a house-boat which was roomy and, fortunately, clean. It had one tall mast and a large sail. Even though the cabin was very airy, it protected them from wind and rain. In this Mr. Edkins and Hudson Taylor arranged their clothes, bedding, food-baskets, medical supplies, instruments, and a large assortment of Gospel portions and tracts. What for? Did they not have a house to live in? Why should they set up house-keeping on a boat? Oh, they were going to follow a canal or river to country villages and towns, preaching to the heathen Chinese the love of Jesus.

Everything being so different from anything Mr. Taylor had experienced before, lasting impressions were made upon his mind. There was a good view of the low-lying country as the boat glided through the waterway, leaving Shanghai in the distance. There were innumerable hamlets, villages, towns, and cities—homes of the living. Then there were thousands of grave-mounds indicating the city of the dead. How strange seemed the first night that they spent on this house-boat! As the evening shadows grew longer, which they did so early

on those short December days, scores and scores of other boats were casting anchor, all as close together as motor-cars today in a public parking-place. Their object for this huddling together was protection against pirates.

After supper the two missionaries among this great crowd of Chinese began to make known their purpose in being there. Conspicuous as they were for their white faces, fair hair, blue eyes, and English dress, among these people with yellow faces, jet black hair and eyes and blue cotton-padded garments, scarcely no time at all was required for them to become surrounded by a large audience. The dim light from the cabin fell upon those faces so full of interest, yet almost devoid of comprehension, as they listened for the first time to the old, old story of Jesus and his love. The simple service could not last long, for boat people rise with the morning's first streak of light, and therefore must retire early.

Next morning when the missionaries awoke, they found themselves nearing the large city of Sungkang about forty miles south of Shanghai. Here they gave away books and preached to the crowds on the streets. Some one invited them to visit the "holy man." The tiny room in which this strange person had been walled up for years was in con-

nection with a Buddhist monastery. Led by an escort of shaven-headed, yellow-robed priests, they found a miserable human being. The only point of contact that he had with the outside world was through a small opening in the wall left by the builders of this little cell. It was scarcely large enough to permit the passage of one's hand. There in the darkness, almost motionless, unwashed and alone, this "holy man" passed his days and nights in silence. Fortunately, Mr. Edkins could speak a dialect with which this man was familiar; so the two missionaries earnestly prayed that the glad tidings of great joy which the "holy man" heard for the first time, and perhaps the only time, might bring bright light and salvation to his soul.

But the day had an unexpected ending. Curious crowds on the streets became excited and noisy. The missionaries saw they could not return to their boat the way they had come, for the city gates were closed and the people were swarming all around to prevent the escape of the foreigners in that direction. Unheard by human ears prayers for deliverance were ascending to the throne of grace from these pilgrims in a strange city among heathen people.

Being a considerable distance from their own boat, they called to many other boats to take

them; but each after the other refused, much to the amusement of the throng. Seeing that something *must* be done, Hudson Taylor jumped into a passing boat, pulled it to the bank for Mr. Edkins, and the two were off to safety! Overwhelmed with surprise, the owner stood speechless, watching the proceedings, while the people on shore were much enraged to see how cleverly the foreigners had escaped. This was just the beginning of a very long line of experiences Mr. Taylor was to have in trying multitudes of angry Chinese.

With the setting of the sun on the fourth day of the journey, the missionaries came in sight of Kashing, the city of their destination. Far out along the river-bank, outside the walls of the city, reached the suburbs of the ancient city. Kashing was a great center of wealth and learning twenty centuries before Jesus was born. When Ur of the Chaldees flourished in Abraham's time, Kashing, China, also flourished. Even at this time, with her thriving industries of printing and publishing, and the manufacture of silk, cotton, brass, and copper, Kashing had never heard the slightest sound of the gospel until Hudson Taylor and Mr. Edkins ventured within its walls, distributing thousands of

tracts and conversing personally with callers at their boat.

Full of zeal and enthusiasm for further experience in this kind of work, the missionaries returned to Shanghai before the end of the year. As there seemed nothing in particular to keep young Taylor in Shanghai at this time, he bought a house-boat of his own, and set out Jan. 25, 1855, on his second itinerary, in mid-winter and alone.

His zeal did not cool by the predicament in which he found himself next morning. High banks on either side of his boat covered with snow, and a thick covering of ice on the river retarded his progress. The only way by which he could proceed at all was to break a channel in the ice, a foot at a time, then thrust a long pole into the bank and push the boat its length ahead—a process that had to be continued for hours. Many experiences were indelibly stamped upon the memory of this missionary while pioneering among numerous villages and cities on this solitary journey. In that lawless country where Tai-ping Rebels were still fighting against the Government, how easily might this lone foreigner have been seized and held for ransom, or even tortured and killed! He wrote afterwards, "I knew that I was where

duty had placed me . . . and felt that, though solitary, I was not alone."

By and by he found himself in Shanghai again, where war clouds hung heavier and darker than ever. Rumors were afloat that an attack would be made on the Foreign Settlement by the Rebels; in which event none could escape from the Government troops, for they would be glad enough to have the white men all massacred so they could share the spoils. Anxious as these times were, Hudson Taylor proceeded to make plans for his third tour in outlying districts.

## CHAPTER X

### VISION OF HIS LIFE'S WORK—CLINCHED WITH SUFFERING

Times were very critical in Shanghai, but as there was also so much uncertainty about political things, the missionary community continued its work the best it could. Several older missionaries went with Hudson Taylor on his third journey. They traveled as far as Tsing-pu, but we have no record of what they did. Not much to record, probably, because they had been gone only a few days when they saw from the top of a high hill the smoke of a very great fire! A fire of that size in that direction could be in only one place—Shanghai was in flames!

What about their families in the Foreign Settlement? At once they turned back. Soon they met Rebel soldiers seeking protection. But the little party could offer no help. Shortly afterwards, right before their eyes the poor fellows were seized by Government soldiers and beheaded! With sad hearts our missionaries continued the journey home, seeing more and more of the awful destruction as they came nearer the city. The horror of some of the sights was more than they could look upon.

But to their great relief, they found the Settlement in peace. The Government soldiers seemed too proud of their defeat and slaughter of the Rebels to think about the foreigners. The native city was a mass of ruins, and the wretched people who still lived were pitiful sights. But the worst was over now, and so was the winter, which had been such a suspense to all the foreigners. The city had been in a state of siege during all of those twelve months since Hudson Taylor's arrival.

But there was an energetic population left, and now that peace had come the city would soon arise out of her ruins. Other missions were preparing to purchase land and enlarge schools, hospitals, chapels, etc. But what of Dr. Parker and Hudson Taylor? Oh, they still had received neither money nor reply from the Committee. They were waiting. The Society seemed to forget that Dr. Parker's family had any financial needs.

Along with his great longing to make Shanghai his headquarters, another line of thought which was very different seemed to be forming itself in the mind of Hudson Taylor. This would take him far away from the coast, to regions that had never been touched by the gospel. His hands being tied with reference to progress in Shanghai, there seemed nothing for him to do but to prepare



for another preaching-trip. Dr. Parker was needing a change from study, and the boat was lying idle in the Soochow Creek—why should they not go somewhere to preach and do a great deal of medical work?

A week later all preparations were made and off they started northwest, to the town of Kia-ting. After having been surrounded by such large crowds on every preaching-trip before, imagine how strange it must have seemed to Hudson Taylor when children and men and women, the young and the old, all fled from the streets in terror as the missionaries approached! No one would venture near them, but ran into houses and closed the doors, peeping out to watch after the foreigners had passed.

But the missionaries were wise enough to let themselves be seen openly as much as possible and to make it known that they were able to heal disease. They announced that on the morrow they would examine cases of sickness and prescribe medicine free. This seemed to turn the feeling of fear among the people, and as they walked the streets and passed along the city walls they heard many remark that they were "doers of good deeds." Crowds began to follow, but at a distance which they felt was safe. The next day they began early and worked hard until three o'clock, seeing

all the sick they possibly could. After that Dr. Parker went on the boat, and Mr. Taylor selected the worst cases and took them to him, having to send the rest away. Afterwards they were invited into the very homes whose doors had been shut against them the day before, "all due to ointments, pills, and powders prescribed with sympathy and prayer."

When this journey was ended, Mr. Taylor with his fellow workers had distributed, during the past three months, three thousand New Testaments and more than seven thousand other books and tracts. The accounts of these journeys were all written up for friends at home to read, which awakened great interest; but still the thousand pounds (nearly \$5,000) required for land and buildings in Shanghai did not come. Nevertheless, the Lord's laborers were cared for by various good gifts. One of these was a gift of \$50 handed to Dr. Parker and another was from a true friend in the homeland, Mr. Berger, who had met the Barnsley lad at the Tottenham meetings. Could Hudson Taylor have known then that this gift of ten pounds was only the first of many hundreds, yes, thousands that were to follow in later years from the same friend, he would have been greatly overwhelmed

with joy. But in the life of his servant, God was working out his own plan.

The idea of preaching-trips to places where other foreigners had never gone appealed to Hudson Taylor with such force, because of the great need as well as his own inclination, that his fifth journey was being planned before he had hardly returned from the fourth. It was April now, 1855, just the time of year for evangelistic work. Mr. Burdon was to be his companion in labor this time. They set out for the island of Tsung-ming in the estuary of the Yangtze River, only thirty miles from Shanghai. Tsung-ming was but sixty miles long and less than twenty miles broad, but her people numbered a million and she had never been visited by Protestant missionaries. They found the people willing to listen and spent several encouraging days in one of the principal cities. Mr. Burdon did most of the preaching, while Mr. Taylor handed out literature and did a little medical work.

The mandarin (chief officer of the city) asked about them; so they went to see him rather expecting trouble, but he received them with courtesy and accepted copies of the New Testament and other books and listened attentively to the doctrine of salvation through faith in Christ. Before pass-

ing on from that city they visited thirteen schools and a college, the teachers of which were intelligent men who gave considerable information about other chief centers of the island.

Following the coast of the island northward, they saw many little homes standing among cypress-and willow-trees. But instead of the usual grave-mounds, so common in other parts of China, there were simple earthenware jars scattered about, in which were deposited human bones. It was the desire of the travelers to sail entirely around the island distributing printed matter in the chief cities along the coast, and to obtain an idea of missionary prospects in general. Instructions to this effect were given to the boatmen, but serious objections were made. They suggested all sorts of dangers which might befall them, but the most probable reason why the boatmen did not want to go was because they were opium-smokers and were afraid of the price they would have to pay for opium on the east side of the island. They could not possibly do without it and live.

As usual, the anchor was hauled in about day-break and the journey begun. Hudson Taylor aroused himself and went out on deck to make sure his instructions of the previous evening were followed. He watched the compass for an hour

and was convinced they were following the right course; so again he retired for two hours' more sleep. By and by when all was quiet, a thing characteristically Chinese happened. As the boat crew had no desire to explore the east coast of the island, they veered the boat round to the north. A strong wind was then in their favor, so that very soon they had left Tsung-ming Island far behind them.

Later when the missionaries awoke, they soon discovered the trick that had been played on them. "It was no use to get angry and scold the men, for they would only have enjoyed that the more," he wrote afterwards. "The island we had left was already thirty-five miles behind us and we should have lost a whole day trying to reach it against the wind." Soon they found themselves anchored off the coast of the little island of Tuh-shan (which has now become united with the mainland on account of great deposits of soil and debris from the Yangtze River).

Going ashore, they enquired for a conveyance by which they might visit as many places as possible. All that could be had was the heavy, awkward wheelbarrow, the constant squeak of which is still measured by the mile in every part of China. At the close of a long, busy day they

were thankful that the people had accepted all the books and tracts they had offered, also that they were welcomed into the capital city of the island. Before rising the next morning the favorable tide and wind had drifted their boat far up the Yangtze to the foot of the sacred mountains, which are on both sides of the river.

Their voices being rather strained through constant preaching in the open air, they decided to go mountain-climbing and get a view of the land from a high elevation. Of the five summits before them, the central was the highest; and on its utmost height stood a beautiful pagoda, with a Buddhist temple surrounding it. The hill was a steep one, with bare rocks appearing among patches of grass and flowers. Stone steps here and there among the trees marked their pathway. Thus Mr. Taylor described the scene: "Varying shades of foliage from the deep, gloomy cypress, to the light, graceful willow, mingled with orange-, tallow-, and other trees, gave a lively and interesting variety to the scene, and each turn of the path, revealing new shrines and pavilions, only increased the charm. . . . Anything more beautiful I have never seen."

The temple itself was being repaired, but that day a festival was on, and the rich and poor, educated and ignorant, all alike were present in

great numbers to follow heathen superstitions in idol-worship. On went the missionaries passing shrine after shrine, idols, priests, and worshipers—breathing strong odors of incense which filled the air. As they entered halls connected with another pagoda, it was only the dim outlines of hideous idols they could see in the rear through the smoke and flame of burning paper objects which had been lighted for the benefit of the dead. *Satan's seat*—the whole scene appeared so to these missionaries of the cross.

When they had ascended the pagoda, another view lay before them: a landscape too beautiful for words to describe where nature seemed to be worshiping the Creator, whom man had refused. With hearts filled with too much emotion for speech, the two young men gazed silently. But thoughts like these occupied the mind of James Hudson Taylor: "This is real China at last. What darkness! what superstition! what sin! Shanghai has many missionaries; this place has none. Tsung-ming welcomed us. So did the inland places I have visited. Why locate in Shanghai when inland places need me more?"

From that time on Mr. Taylor's aim was changed. He swung free from influences that had held him and returned to his earliest conviction



when first called to preach the gospel in China: "Not where Christ was already named . . . but, as it is written, They shall see, to whom no tidings of him come, and they who have not heard shall understand" (A. S. V.).

The following day they were determined to visit the city of Tung-chow, though they were warned that its reputation was bad. They wished at least to distribute Scriptures within its walls, with prayers that the good seed sown might bring forth fruit to life eternal. Commending themselves to the care of their heavenly Father, they gave orders to their boatmen to learn as much as possible about their fate, if they did not return, then carry the news to Shanghai quickly. The native teachers tried to persuade them not to go. The servant who always carried their books on such occasions started with them, but soon asked to return, having become frightened at what he heard about the soldiers at Tungchow. His request was granted, of course; and about that time a respectable man in passing tried to turn the missionaries back, saying they would soon find to their sorrow what the soldiers were like. Thanking him for his advice, which they could not accept, on they went—whether for bonds, imprisonment, death, or a safe return they knew not, but they felt that by the



grace of God they would not leave Tungchow any longer without the gospel.

Then the wheelbarrow man refused to go further; so another had to be found. The rough ride was anything but pleasant through the mud and rain, but the young men encouraged each other by Scripture promises and hymns. As they neared the city they prayed that they might speak the word with all boldness. As they did not wish to endanger the wheelbarrow men, these were dismissed outside the city. On they walked then, somewhat amused as the people called out, "Black devils are coming!" Several soldiers were passed who seemed quiet enough, but presently a tall, powerful, half-drunken man seized Mr. Burdon by the shoulder, and all at once they were surrounded by a dozen or more of his companions and were being hurried on to the city very rapidly.

Mr. Taylor's bag of books was getting very heavy, but he could not change hands. Soon he was in great perspiration and was hardly able to keep up with the soldiers. They told the soldiers to take them to the chief magistrate, but were answered very roughly, "We know where to take you and what to do." The tall man who had seized Mr. Burdon then left him for Mr. Taylor, who afterwards wrote: "He became my principal tor-



**"He all but knocked me down again and again, and grasped my arms  
and shoulders making them black and blue."**

mentor, for I was neither so tall nor so strong as my friend and was less able to resist him. He all but knocked me down again and again, seized me by the hair, took hold of my collar so as almost to choke me, and grasped my arms and shoulders making them black and blue. Had this continued much longer, I must have fainted. All but exhausted how refreshing was the remembrance of a quotation by my dear mother in one of her last letters:

“ ‘We speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confessed,  
But what must it be to be there!’ ”

In the meantime Mr. Burdon tried to give away a few books that were under his arm. Disputes among the soldiers proved that some wanted to take them to the *Yamen*, while others wished to kill them outright. Then Mr. Taylor managed to bring from his pocket his Chinese card (a large red paper bearing his name) and demanded that it should be given to the chief official of the place, after which they were treated with a little less severity. After being dragged through long, weary streets, their bodies bathed in perspiration and their tongues dry with thirst, they at last leaned against the wall in front of the *Yamen*. Chairs and tea were asked for, but they were told to wait. While

waiting, Mr. Burdon preached Jesus to the onlooking crowd that had gathered. Their cards and books had been sent in to the official, but he, being of low rank, referred them to a higher officer.

The young men refused to go unless sedan-chairs were brought. Finally the soldiers consented to this. At last the prisoners were in the presence of an old mandarin who had formerly held office in Shanghai and who knew how foreigners should be treated. He met them with every respect and courtesy, and took them into a more private room away from the rabble of the people. Mr. Taylor offered him a New Testament and tracts, and told him briefly what they were teaching, thus explaining their object in visiting the city.

The old man ordered refreshments for them. Of these he also partook, while he listened attentively. After a long stay they were given permission to distribute the rest of their books. They were also provided with an escort until they were, not only safely outside the city, but fully half way back to their boats once more.

Thus James Hudson Taylor's first clear sight of the untouched interior of China was clinched with suffering, which was followed immediately by his

first experience of danger to life itself, at the hands of those he wished to help and bless.

“Love first—then suffering—then a deeper love; thus only can God’s work be done.”

## CHAPTER XI

### INTO CHINESE COSTUME

There is not room in this little volume to tell about the sixth evangelistic journey the hero of our story took. We shall pass over it by saying that he went alone, except for Chinese help, up the Yangtze River as far as Nanking, and was gone twenty-five days. He preached in fifty-eight villages, towns, and cities, fifty-one of which had never before been touched by a Protestant missionary. Many interesting things occurred on that trip; but let us think now about journey number seven, taken in June with Mr. Burdon and Dr. Parker to Ningpo, an important city south of Shanghai on the coast.

As they did all the missionary work they could on the way, it was a great contrast for them to be welcomed into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cobbold, where the next few days were spent. Here they were introduced to other foreigners, eleven in all, representing different missions. They also visited the fine school conducted by Miss Aldersey, an English lady having independent funds. She was assisted by two young ladies whose father, Rev. Samuel Dyer, had been among the earliest missionaries to China, but had now gone to his reward.

The young ladies were well educated, and able to speak the Chinese language fluently.

One thing was lacking in the Ningpo foreign community, and that was a hospital. The people there felt keenly the need of this, but there was no doctor among their number to open and take charge of a hospital. The three Shanghai men had expected to do more evangelistic work on the return journey, but Mr. Burdon got word that his infant daughter was seriously ill, and Hudson Taylor himself was in such poor health that he dared not undertake further traveling in the hot weather.

It was a most trying two months that followed in Shanghai. The weather was terribly hot. Two married couples, each having three small children, and a single young man all living under one small roof, trying to study the Chinese language, required much more than ordinary grace and perseverance. Added to this was the suspense still hanging over Dr. Parker and Mr. Taylor with regard to what their Committee at home would do for them. They seem disinclined to put money into bricks and mortar even though their men on the field had no prospect of being otherwise housed. Little by little they saw fading away from them the carefully made plans outlined at the beginning of the year. Those plans did not appeal to the *Society* at home



at all. But in the meantime He who notes the sparrow's fall did not forget the needs of his own trusting children in far-away China, and in unthought-of ways he cared for them. It was good that Hudson Taylor had learned several years before while in England "to move man, through God, by prayer alone."

Up to this time he had been writing to his parents and sister: "Our plans are laid before the Society. If they do nothing, we mean to try to carry them out ourselves. If they oppose, it may become a question as to which we shall dispense with, the Society or our plans of usefulness." How little did he realize that even before those January letters could reach the Society his own outlook would be so completely changed, as a result of his own evangelistic journeys. Now he was writing to parents and sister: "Chinese dress, a little place in the interior, and above all a future left in the hands of God." Providence had had time to work, and the change came, not from outward circumstances only, but from the development of His life within.

It was on August 6 that Dr. Parker and Mr. Taylor received notice that the house they occupied must be vacated by the end of September, as the



new missionaries of the L. M. S. would arrive then and must have the house. The other family sharing it with them were building their own house and it would soon be ready to move into; therefore, this notice meant but little to them.

Just at this time further letters from the Society showed very clearly that it would not furnish money for its agents in Shanghai to use in buying land there and putting up the buildings they said were necessary, though they did give permission to Dr. Parker to rent rooms for a dispensary. How or where they were to live, the Society had no suggestions to make. With this came another letter also. It was from Ningpo. Several weeks before that the missionaries there had invited Dr. Parker to settle among them. He had replied that he could not feel clear to do so unless it would open a door of greater usefulness. A home and practise of his own would be very attractive, but he could not sacrifice missionary work. If in connection with this he could support a hospital for Chinese, the least cost of which would be eight hundred dollars a year, the matter would be considered.

So now with this notice to vacate the house, and a final word from the Society that the "plans for usefulness" could not be accepted, came also the letter from Ningpo friends that they would be re-

sponsible for the support of the Chinese hospital if Dr. Parker would come to them. So it seemed providential leadings for the Doctor to answer the Ningpo call at once.

Poor Hudson Taylor was all the more cast upon God. He had no home, nor even the companionship of a fellow worker. Feeling that there was still a work for him to do in Shanghai, he set about once more to find a house. Day after day the search was continued, but nothing could be found at a price within his means. Three weeks this continued. "It is wearisome work," he wrote to his sister, "and if I do not soon succeed I shall adopt Chinese dress and seek a place in the country."

Chinese dress worn by an Englishman was almost unheard of in those days, except as an inland journey was taken. Even then as soon as the traveler returned to Shanghai the native costume was at once changed for English dress again. But Mr. Taylor longed to identify himself with the people by outward appearance, and to be less noticeable as he moved among them.

It was now time for Dr. Parker to move to Ningpo, and Hudson Taylor had promised to accompany him across the Hangchow Bay, which was the most difficult part of the journey. Thursday night came and the family was to leave Friday

morning. Taylor's house-hunting had continued every day, but nothing had been found. So the Doctor promised to store Taylor's few belongings at his own house in Ningpo, and then the young man could live on boats, giving himself to evangelistic work until his way opened somewhere in the interior.

That afternoon young Taylor went out to hire a junk to take the Parkers and their possessions across to Ningpo. His Chinese clothes were ordered and would be ready for him the next morning. On his way he was met by a man who said: "Are you looking for a house in the native city? Would a small one with only five rooms do? Near the South Gate there is one, only it is not quite finished. The owner has run short of money and does not know how to complete the work. If it suits the Foreign Teacher, no deposit will be asked; it can be had at once for an advance of six months' rent!"

As if in a pleasant dream Hudson Taylor followed his guide and found a new clean house, with two rooms up-stairs and two down, and one across the courtyard for the servants—just exactly the kind he needed and in the neighborhood that suited him best—all for only ten pounds to cover six months' rent! Imagine his unspeakable joy! To

pay over the money that night and receive the key to the premises was to the long and sorely tried missionary a delight more easily imagined than described. Prayer had been answered. God had worked.

That night James Hudson Taylor took a step he had been prayerfully considering for a long time. He called in a barber and had his head shaved, leaving only enough of the fair curly hair to grow into the cue of the Chinaman. He prepared a dye to darken the remainder of this hair so it would match the long black braid which would serve as a substitute until his own grew out. To put on Chinese dress in those days without the cue would appear ridiculous to native and foreigner alike. Next morning he put on his Chinese baggy trousers. They were two feet too wide for him around the waist, which extra width was laid in a fold in the front, and kept in place by a strong girdle. The white calico socks and satin shoes, and the loose flowing gown of heavy silk with wide sleeves reaching twelve inches below the finger-tips, gave him quite the appearance of a scholarly man.

## CHAPTER XII

### COMPANIONSHIP WITH MR. BURNS

Many of the things that occurred in the life of our young missionary during the following six months must be passed over without much notice. Mention must be made, though, that he had the great joy of performing his first baptism in China—one of his household servants who had been converted for some time.

He also made another visit to Tsung-ming Island and found that his Chinese garments won for him a place in the people's hearts that would scarcely allow him to leave. They found a house for him, and came in multitudes for medical treatment, and to hear his preaching. Finally having to return to Shanghai for money and to mail letters he left the work of preaching in charge of some of his native helpers, expecting to return shortly.

While waiting for his winter garments, which were cotton-padded or lined with sheepskin, a messenger came across to say that the druggists and chemists were very angry because they were being robbed of their trade, and that he and his helpers were to be arrested! About this time a letter was received from the British Consul, in-

forming him that unless he lived in one of the five Treaty Ports he could not expect protection from the English law in case of trouble. It was a heart-breaking situation for Hudson Taylor, who had been so overjoyed at his new location among the Chinese away from all foreign element. But God had other and better plans to be unfolded as time went on.

Providentially he was brought in touch with Mr. William Burns, a man without a family, who had led a successful missionary life many years in southern China. He also was dressed in the native costume, and traveled in his own boat from place to place much as Hudson Taylor was doing. Hence, they felt they had a great deal in common, and naturally were drawn together. As Mr. Burns was an older man, his long years of Christian experience provided him with fatherly counsel and advice which the younger man felt the need of.

One night a prayer-meeting was held at the home of Dr. Medhurst. A Christian captain whose vessel had just arrived from Swatow, South China, led the meeting. His accounts of the great need of missionary work in that southern city resulted in his giving free passage on his ship to both Mr. Burns and Mr. Taylor, whom the Lord was leading to answer the call of that needy place.

This was on March 6, just two years after Mr. Taylor's arrival in China. He now spoke with ease two Chinese dialects. A great variety of experiences in that short time had changed the Barnsley lad into a useful missionary. He had seen war with all its horrors; had endured much discomfort from lack of supplies; had learned what it means to be indebted to others, even for a home; had experienced loneliness, sickness, change, and uncertainty. All this had been his training in God's school, and it brought to his heart patience and quietness and a deeper dependence upon God. Friends in the home land whom the Lord raised up sent funds so liberally that for a great many months he had had no need for his Letter of Credit from the Society.

Eleven evangelistic journeys in different directions now lay behind him. But his greatest joy was to know that a few Chinese had been turned from heathen idolatry, and brought to a saving knowledge of the grace of God through the blood of Jesus Christ. But one thing remained just the same as when he landed in China two years previously. He still had no home, no permanent work, no settled plans ahead. Where or how his work was to take form and grow into some kind of structure, he knew not, but he felt that God was



guiding in each step that he had taken. So he learned not to worry about his future, but just to follow one step at a time where his Master would lead.

The city of Swatow was situated between two principal channels of the Han River and had little room for growth. Its houses all seemed full to overflowing with inhabitants and the outlook for securing even a room in this crowded city was worse than it had been in Shanghai. But the captain on whose boat they had found passage would show them hospitality as long as he would be in harbor.

At just about the last moment a Chinese merchant heard Mr. Burns speaking his own language—the Cantonese dialect—so fluently that he became interested, especially as he noticed the two foreigners were in Chinese dress. He introduced them to one of the highest officials of the town, who succeeded in securing a room for them. It was just one room over an incense-shop, into which they had to climb through a hole in the floor. This they curtained off into three rooms—a bedroom for each and a center apartment for a study. Their beds were made of a few boards. A box-lid supported by two bags of books served as a table. Two bamboo stools and a bamboo easy chair com-



pleted their furniture. This humble beginning among the lowest and poorest of the people is where gospel seeds were sown that have long since yielded an abundant harvest. Frequently visits were made to country places, though amid many dangers, for the whole district seemed very much upset. "Without emperor, without rulers, without law," was a common expression among the people.

In May they were happy at the thought of having obtained a little cottage in a small country town, and Hudson Taylor was on his way there. "Go back, go back at once, my neighbors will not allow me to let you have the house," came the unexpected greeting from the landlord as the missionary approached. But after a moment's prayer, he dismissed his boat and went on about the Master's business. "What will you do? Where shall we go when darkness comes on? We can not stay out all night," argued the servant. "Never fear," came the quiet answer, "the Lord knows and he will provide."

So in temples, teashops, and busy streets, tracts and gospels were handed to those who could read. "Where are you going to sleep?" was asked by and by. "That I can not tell you," he frankly replied, "but my heavenly Father knows."

"Are you not anxious lest you should get into trouble?"

"No, I am not anxious," came the answer with a smile. "My heart is in perfect peace because the Lord will provide." So it continued until night, and then a barber invited him to sleep in his shop.

The weather was extremely hot and while sitting in his study Mr. Taylor had a towel beside him to wipe off the perspiration that streamed from his face and arms. Mr. Burns had spent many a summer in that southern climate and did not now feel the heat so much. As the hottest season was yet to come, it seemed very evident that Mr. Taylor would have to go back to Shanghai for his health's sake. Before he did so, however, they tried hard to rent a room for preaching. But the Chinese were suspicious. "How could any one be willing to pay the rent of a shop merely to have a place for talking in about religious doctrines?" they asked among themselves. "Clearly there must be something behind such a proceeding. But premises for medical work would be quite another matter. The foreign doctor was always doing his work free, and if he must tell more or less about his religion—well his medicines were so good that the preaching could be tolerated."

Thus Mr. Burns and Mr. Taylor were led to consider opening a little dispensary. As the latter had to go to Shanghai anyway until the hot weather was over, he could bring all his instruments and medicines and be ready for work in the fall. Just as these plans were in their minds, the mandarin of the place was taken so ill that the native doctors could do nothing for him. But he called the foreign doctor, and was soon relieved and well. Then he strongly advised these foreigners to commence medical work in Swatow, and he himself began to look out premises for them. Presently they were able to rent the entire house in which they had been occupying just the one room. This gave them the advantage of working in a neighborhood where they were already known and respected.

Early in June these two congenial workers parted, having worked together very happily for six months. But they both looked forward to meeting again soon and to getting really settled in medical work in Swatow as a stepping-stone to the most important phase of missionary work—the preaching of the gospel.

## CHAPTER XIII

### DISAPPOINTMENT—LOSS—MIDNIGHT WANDERING

A few days' journey up the coast, and familiar scenes about Shanghai lay before Mr. Taylor. He wended his way to the L. M. S. Compound, where his medicine-chest was stored. Imagine his great shock upon learning that just a day or two before a fire had occurred and his medicine-chest had been burned! Thoughts like these ran through his mind: "Why did the Lord allow that to happen? Just now my instruments are so much needed. Our success in Swatow seems to depend wholly upon the medical work that we are ready to undertake. Mr. Burns is there waiting for me . . ."

But here his trend of thought was halted. Had not God some wise purpose in overruling their plans? To purchase a new outfit in Shanghai was far beyond his means, and to send home for them meant six or eight months before they could arrive. All he saw to do was to write and tell Mr. Burns what had happened, then go across to Ningpo to ask if Dr. Parker could lend them a few supplies to use while waiting for the shipment from home.

"I could get to Ningpo in three or four days,"

thought Hudson Taylor, "but I may as well make it an evangelistic journey and distribute Gospels on the way." After a fortnight on the way he had given out two hundred New Testaments and three thousand other books and tracts, and had improved wonderful opportunities for preaching the gospel. Now that he was nearing the end of his journey, and as there was no water beyond Shih-mun-wan, he paid off his boat and then hired coolies to carry his things as far as Ch'ang-an. Leaving his servant in charge of the coolies, who stopped often to rest, Mr. Taylor walked on until he reached Shih-men, then waited in a teashop outside the North Gate. By and by the coolies came and after they had stopped for rice, tea, and a rest, Mr. Taylor urged them to go on to Ch'ang-an before the sun got too hot. His servant had a friend in the city and wanted to wait until the following day. But the missionary wanted to reach Haining that night if possible, from whence he could take a boat to Ningpo.

So they all passed through the North Gate. When a third of the way through the city, the coolies stopped to rest, saying they could not carry his things to Ch'ang-an; but they agreed to take them to the South Gate. Here other coolies were

being called by the servant, and Mr. Taylor walked on as before to Ch'ang-an, only four miles. While waiting for them, he engaged other coolies to carry the burden to Haining that night. He waited and waited and waited and wondered why they did not come. He thought the servant might have gone to see his friend, and would come on that evening. Had not his feet been sore and blistered, he would have gone back to look for them.

At last Mr. Taylor began to make inquiry. He finally learned that a bamboo box and a bed such as were his had just been carried by a coolie who said he was in a hurry to reach Haining that night. So the traveler concluded that his goods had gone on before him. It was already dark, and as he was too tired to go further he looked about for an inn where he could lodge for the night and get food.

Upon asking for supper, he was told that "cold rice and snakes fried in lamp-oil were all that could be had." Not wishing people to recognize that he was a foreigner, he ordered some, but made very little success at satisfying his hunger. When he asked for a bed, the landlord told him the authorities required a record of lodgers; so he was asked

a long list of questions. By this the man's wife learned that Mr. Taylor was a doctor. So she remarked, "I am glad of that, for I have a daughter afflicted with leprosy, and if you will cure her you shall have your supper and bed for nothing!"

Then he was curious enough to ask what his supper and bed would cost if paid for, and to his great amusement found they were worth less than three and one half pence! That night his bed consisted of a board raised on two stools, with only his umbrella and shoes for a pillow. As ten or eleven other fellows were sleeping in the same room, he could take nothing off lest it should be stolen.

Early Tuesday morning Mr. Taylor arose, but had to wait a long time for breakfast. He was also delayed in getting change for a dollar which was chipped a little in one or two places; and he lost on the exchange over three hundred cash, which meant much while on that journey. Afterwards he set out in search of his servant and goods. No news at all could he get of them. So he went on to Haining. The distance was eight miles and it was afternoon when he reached the northern suburb. There he began to make inquiry for the lost belongings. He was told that outside the

East Gate he might find them, for it was near there that the sea-junks called. In vain the search was made. While he was sitting to rest a few minutes, several persons from the mandarin's office came to ask about his business. By and by one of the men in the teashop said, "A bamboo box and a bed, such as you described, were carried past here half an hour ago. . . . You had better go to the South Gate and enquire there." Mr. Taylor engaged a man to make a thorough search everywhere, offering to reward him well if he were successful. But when the man returned, he had no news of the lost box. It was then late and the weary, foot-sore traveler asked this man to help him find lodging for the night.

At the first two places the people were willing to receive him, but when they noticed a man following of whom they evidently were afraid, they refused to give Mr. Taylor a bed. The third place promised lodging; so tea was brought in, and the man paid off. But immediately after the man left, officials came in, and soon Mr. Taylor was told he could not be entertained there that night.

A young man felt sorry and said, "Never mind, come with me and if you can not get better lodging you shall sleep at our house." But his people



were unwilling. More and more weary he was becoming. At last some one promised a bed, but it would be necessary for him to wait in a teashop until the crowd retired that had gathered about the door. So on they waited until past midnight. Then the young man escorting him could not find the place, but led him to quite another part of the city and there at about two o'clock in the morning left him to spend the night as best he could!

## CHAPTER XIV

### WHEN THE UNEXPECTED CAME

“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head,” was a text which seemed to apply to weary and footsore young Taylor during the small hours of the morning, when he found himself opposite a closed temple. Upon the stone steps in front of it he lay down putting his money\* under his head for a pillow. In a few minutes he would have been asleep, but he heard in the silence of the night quiet footsteps coming toward him—one of those beggars so common in China!

Mr. Taylor did not move, but watched every motion, while breathing a prayer for God’s protection. Slipping stealthily on, the intruder looked for some time to make sure the sleeper did not hear, then began to feel gently about him.

“What do you want?” asked Mr. Taylor in the quietest tone possible.

The silent intruder stepped quickly away without answering. When the man was out of sight,

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\*Money used in China at that time consisted of copper coins having a square hole in the center. They were strung up on a cord for convenience in carrying. Their value was equal to about one tenth of our cent.

the lone traveler put as much of his cash in his pocket as he could and the rest up his sleeve, then used a stone for a pillow. When about overcome with sleep, once more he was aroused by the approach of two men, who began to feel under his head for the money. Again Mr. Taylor spoke and they sat down at his feet.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

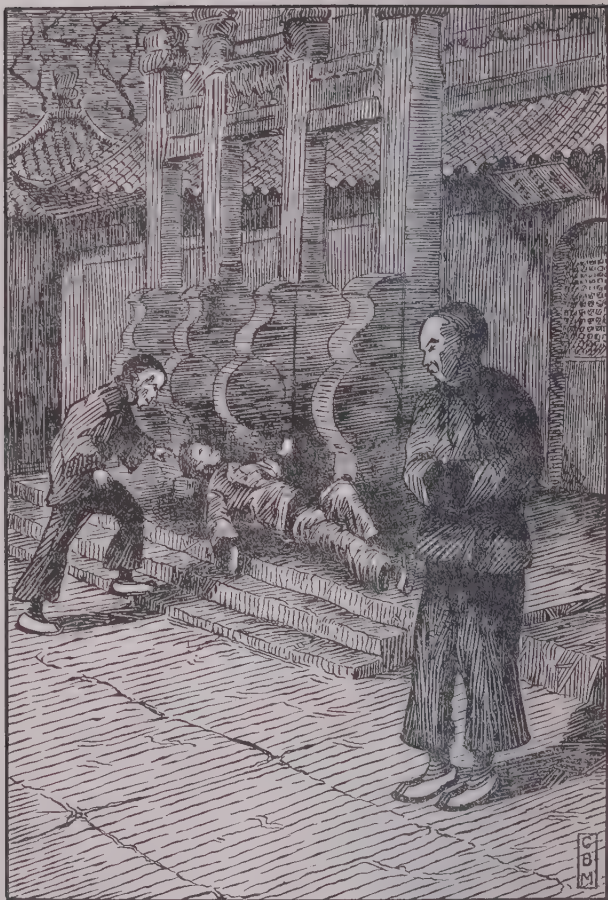
"We are passing the night outside the temple like you are," came the wily answer.

"There is plenty of room on the other side; you had better leave this side for me," suggested Taylor. But as they did not move, the Englishman in Chinese dress sat up with his back against the wall.

"You had better lie down and sleep," said one of the intruders, "or you will not be able to work tomorrow. Don't be afraid, we shall not leave you, and shall see that no one does you harm!"

"Listen to me," said the missionary with firmness, "I do not want your protection. . . . I am not a Chinese and I do not worship your vain idols. I worship God. He is my Father, and I trust in him. I know well what you are and what you wish to do, and shall keep my eye on you and shall not sleep."

Then one of them went away, only to come



**"He heard in the silence of the night quiet footsteps coming  
toward him."**

soon with a third party. Mr. Taylor kept on silently praying for protection. Several times they ventured nearer to see if he were sleeping. Finally he began to sing hymns and to repeat Scripture texts, much to the annoyance of his unwanted companions. Just before dawn they went away, and Hudson slept a little.

With neither servant nor luggage, and without having reached Ningpo at all, it was the following Saturday morning that he arrived in Shanghai.

The missionary body there offered to make up a purse so he could replace his goods, but Mr. Taylor refused with thanks, saying God would provide otherwise. The sale of some of his things at the South Gate brought in something, and he was just about ready to set out again for Ningpo when a letter came from Mr. Berger in England. The letter had been mailed even before Mr. Taylor left Swatow. It read, "Please accept the enclosed as a token of love from myself and my dear wife." That check for forty pounds equaled two hundred dollars, and Hudson Taylor again rejoiced in the scripture: "Before they call, I will answer" (Isa. 65:24).

A very pleasant change and rest from the tax-

ing life of the past eight months was his stay in Ningpo. The friendly attitude of the missionary body made him feel quite at home; and after living so constantly among the Chinese, it was good for him to have this association with people of his own race once more. His former colleague, Dr. Parker, had a good practise among the missionaries, and had also bought land in an excellent location for the building of a hospital for Chinese. Many of the pioneers of Christian work in Ningpo were still on the field. Also the first school ever established by Protestant missionaries in China for girls was still being carried on by its founder, Miss Aldersey, and her two very able helpers, Misses Burella and Maria Dyer. These two young ladies were born in the Far East, and possessed special talent in speaking the Chinese language. Their grandfather had been an admiral in the English navy during the time of Queen Victoria, and their father went to China as a missionary long before white men were permitted to enter that country; consequently, for sixteen years his time and efforts were spent in Chinese settlements in neighboring places. He did much in the manufacture of movable Chinese type, by which portions of the Gospels were printed and sent into the country.

Happy as Mr. Taylor was among Ningpo friends, he felt that Swatow and Mr. Burns had a stronger claim upon him. From Dr. Parker he bought a medical outfit to replace the one burnt in Shanghai. When nearly ready to leave he was asked to wait a day or two for Mr. and Mrs. Way, who were to make the same journey with their small children and would appreciate his assistance on the way. He was already helping Mr. Jones and his little son and saw no reason why he should not wait. But it proved to be a week before they really started. Winds were contrary, which made the voyage tedious. Both Mr. Jones and his child became very ill and required much nursing. News from Mr. Burns told over and over again how much Mr. Taylor was needed in Swatow, and what a great work was waiting to be done. The Christian captain who had taken them to Swatow the first time was once more in Shanghai and would give Mr. Taylor free passage again.

After hurriedly making ready his possessions, the hour for sailing on Thursday Oct. 9, 1856, found Hudson Taylor on board the ship. But almost at the last moment he observed some one on shore beckoning to him. As the anchor was not hauled in yet, he ventured off to receive whatever message

the man had. It was a letter from Mr. Burns, that read thus: "If Mr. Taylor has not started yet, tell him I have been arrested and sent to Canton. Thus far we have escaped punishment from the Chinese. My native helpers are still bound and in danger of their lives. Mission premises are empty."

Shocking news! Whatever can it mean? Medicine-chest destroyed by fire. Robbery on way to Ningpo. Delay in returning from there. Tedious journey with sick man. Now a closed door in the South. Could it be that all he and Mr. Burns had looked forward to was not of the Lord? So many unexpected things had come. But—"Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."



## CHAPTER XV

### AN AGE-LONG MOTTO

The whole year that followed found Mr. Taylor dividing his time between Shanghai and Ningpo. New war difficulties had arisen, so that to do inland work was almost impossible during those months, but he was feeling more and more that he should have some settled form of missionary work.

James Hudson Taylor was a man who lived within his salary. He never went into debt. He knew the Society was in debt and that his own salary—small as it was—came from borrowed money. So for conscientious reasons, three years and three months after his arrival in China he resigned his connection with the Chinese Evangelization Society.

Afterwards in Ningpo at the Bridge Street house and at the Kwen-kiao-teo his efforts were centered by day and by night, in medical work, public preaching, and personal dealing with enquirers. It was his hope that the raising up of a native church would supply preachers for greater opportunities by and by. All this meant much, and he was now spending his fourth summer in China. But it was not the hard work nor the hot weather that

caused his greatest trial. He had a natural heart like any other normal man, and craved companionship. He had met the one he loved a long time before; but knowing his line of work was so unsettled, and having no fixed salary to depend upon, he had tried to forget that he had ever seen such a lady. But love would not be forgotten.

At last a brief line was written asking for further acquaintance. Had the young lady acted upon the counsel of her own heart, the reply would have been favorable. But her elder sister and Miss Aldersey discouraged it. Especially was the latter very indignant. She expressed her opinion thus: "You are a refined, educated, and lovely young woman, whom many a man would be glad to have; why think of that man in Chinese dress who is neither ordained to the ministry nor eligible to a medical degree? Simply write that he is never to mention this to you again."

The younger woman obeyed the elder one, though it gave her much pain to do so. Poor Mr. Taylor, thinking this was the young lady's own attitude, felt much humbled, and tried to put her out of his mind. But in two young hearts at Ning-po were unspoken longings just to see each other; though the one felt he scarcely dared to look into

her beautiful face again, and the other thought probably she was not cared for any more. So on they went each about his own business, absorbing themselves in the daily routine of duties.

While Hudson Taylor was confined to his room a month with serious illness, he had much time for quiet communion with God. Over and over through his mind passed thoughts of the different experiences he had had during those three and a half years in China. Like the prophet of old in 1 Sam. 7:12, over each of his past experiences could he set up his spiritual Ebenezer, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"; and like faithful Abraham on the mountain of sacrifice, he could say, "Jehovah-jireh—The Lord will provide" (Gen. 22:14).

So impressed was he with these texts that he had a native helper make a pair of long scrolls, on one of which he wrote the Chinese characters for "Ebenezer" and on the other those for "Jehovah-jireh." These were hung in the little sitting-room at Kwen-kiao-teo; and when the Chinese Christians came in they could read the characters, but could not understand the meaning of such a combination. But as the missionary regained strength and was able to converse with his Chinese friends, he took great pleasure in explaining to them how those texts had

been woven into his very life during his few years in the service of God. And it may be of interest to my young readers to mention here that in chapels and homes today of the great missions of which Hudson Taylor was the founder, scrolls bearing these same texts appear in a noticeable place. The motto of the mission has really become:

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

“The Lord will provide.”

One afternoon in July the ladies' prayer-meeting, represented by all the missionary societies, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, with whom Mr. Taylor lived. During the meeting, almost without warning a terrific storm came up and the rain fell in torrents. The ladies were delayed in returning home because of having to wait for sedan-chairs. Mr. Jones and Mr. Taylor, too, were late that evening in coming from their work. But when they arrived they found that there were still two ladies waiting, one of whom was Miss Maria Dyer.

“Go into my study,” said Mr. Jones, who knew Mr. Taylor's desire for companionship, “and I will see if an interview can be arranged.”

Finding the two ladies alone with Mrs. Jones, he returned to say that they would be glad for a little conversation. Hudson Taylor, without ex-

pecting that he would make every moment count for so much, not only obtained Miss Dyer's consent for him to write to her guardian uncle in England for permission, but also found that the burden of his heart had been poured out in the presence of them all!

But what of Miss Dyer? Oh, there being only sympathetic friends present, she was not embarrassed. With her true womanly heart, she swept away the young man's fears by making known to him that she really cared and loved. So the letter was written, but they knew it would be at least four months before an answer could be received.

A new and unexpected duty came to Mr. Taylor. On the compound of the Presbyterian mission lay a very sick man. For ten years he had been a devoted missionary in China, but now he was a victim of the worst form of smallpox! Quarantined of course, no one was to go near him except the one who was to become both nurse and doctor by day and by night. Of all the men and women in the little missionary circle in Ningpo, Hudson Taylor was the one whose offered help was accepted. Very much cast upon God was he, during those terrible days and nights, but the young man counted it a privilege to administer to the needs of this brother in his dying-hour.

When it was all over, Mr. Taylor found himself in another predicament of which he had not thought before. While nursing, he often had to change his clothing; and to prevent spreading the disease to others, he could not again wear that clothing, but must burn it. To buy new ones would not take long, but having always shared his money so freely with others, he found he had but very little left. Resorting again to prayer, he fully expected his needs to be supplied. And they were, but in an unthought-of way. A box, lost fifteen months before, turned up just at this time of need. It contained the clothing he required!

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

“The Lord will provide.”

## CHAPTER XVI

### BLESSING UPON BLESSING

At the end of November, 1857, James Hudson Taylor received a letter from London, in which Miss Dyer's uncle kindly consented to his niece's engagement, but requested that the marriage be delayed until she became of age.

How could an interview be arranged? He knew unfavorable parties would not allow him on the compound where she lived. It would never do for her to go to his home. But a mutual friend solved the problem by inviting them to her home. "Fifty years later the joy of that moment had not left him. 'We sat side by side on the sofa, her hand clasped in mine,' said Mr. Taylor. 'It never cooled—my love for her. It has not cooled now.'"

Upon his arrival at the Presbyterian Compound on the bright, sunny morning of Jan. 20, 1858, James Hudson Taylor found friends present from all the different missions, also officers from the British gunboats. "Very sweet and fair she looked in more than Hudson Taylor's eyes that day, in her simple grey silk gown and wedding-veil. He was wearing ordinary Chinese dress, and to some the contrast between them must have seemed re-

markable. But to those who could see below the surface, the noteworthy thing about this wedding was the way in which the bride and groom were already perfect in one."

A narrow Chinese street in front, a busy canal behind, a chapel below, which was often crowded with inquirers about the "Jesus doctrine," and the beautiful heavens above stretching as a canopy over all—these marked the boundaries of the Bridge Street premises in Ningpo which were modestly fitted out with Chinese furniture for the home of the newly married couple. But these premises were to have a greater significance than just that. They proved to be the cradle of the China Inland Mission, and are still its oldest home.

The Chinese converts were few at that time, but as had been his hope for very many months past, he was now building up a work from which was to come native evangelists, pastors, and helpers, by and by. Several hours a day were given to teaching the young Christians. At the public meeting every evening the little hall would be filled with people who were almost regular attendants. When that was over, any who wished could go, but the more interested ones would wait for three periods of study. The first period was devoted to a study



of the Old Testament, spiritual lessons being drawn from the stories. In the second period a chapter was read from some good book such as *Pilgrim's Progress*. In the third, a special passage from the New Testament would be discussed. But this was not all. The Chinese Christians were taught to observe Sunday as a day of worship. To some of them this meant persecution and financial loss, for the Chinese as a people do not observe Sunday as a day of rest, but go on working the same as on any other day.

Therefore, the missionaries felt they must not fail in making the day worth while to their converts. They had special meetings morning, afternoon, and night for the inquirers and converts. Mrs. Taylor's work among the women and girls was a great asset to the mission. Being so thoroughly familiar with their language, she could easily get into their hearts and understand their daily problems. She also spent much time in teaching the women to read. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor impressed upon their converts the need of reading the Word of God.

It was on June 26, 1858, that the Treaty of Tientsin was signed. This treaty gave foreigners the right to travel freely to the inland provinces.

Those dark centers, hitherto closed to the gospel and everything foreign, were now open. How Mr. and Mrs. Taylor longed to enter! But what of these young Christians the Lord had given them? They were not spiritually strong enough to stand alone. What would be gained in running to save others if their absence would mean the loss of those already saved? So they stood faithfully by the little circle around them and in due time were richly rewarded. No less than six or seven of the converts around Mr. and Mrs. Taylor that winter afterwards became able workers in the China Inland Mission. Seeing how closely their lives were imitated by the converts, the young missionaries endeavored always to live so that they could say to them, "Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, heard and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you."

Conditions in that part of China were becoming rather disturbed. An antiforeign feeling was sweeping over Ningpo, because certain white men were stealing Chinese men and boys and shipping them to islands of the sea to become slaves on great plantations. The Chinese naturally took it for granted that all the white men in their country were helping in this traffic. So the lives of missionaries

were much in danger. Many missionaries left the city to take refuge in better protected places. But Mr. and Mrs. Taylor would not leave their native Christians, whose lives were in as much danger as their own.

Those were days of great suspense, when they longed for quietness and rest. Mr. Taylor could not protect his dear young wife from a knowledge of what was going on outside, but he made arrangements for a rapid escape, should such become necessary. Waiting in readiness in the canal at the back door was a boat. From their bedroom window up-stairs was attached a very strong rope, by which they could let themselves down into the boat below should the worst come.

So those were restless hours and days, and great would have been their anxiety had it not been for the peace of God filling their hearts. It was in these circumstances, on the 31st of July, 1859, when the thermometer stood at 104 degrees in the coolest place in the house, that the long-cherished hopes of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were fulfilled. They could find no sweeter, truer name than Grace for the little daughter that came to them that day!

## CHAPTER XVII

### MORE THAN THEY THOUGHT OR ASKED

Four motherless little tots for Dr. Parker to care for, and one of them very ill, was the shocking news which spread quickly in the Foreign Settlement of Ningpo upon the sudden death of Mrs. Parker. Their building-plans had already been completed, which included a splendid hospital, dispensary, chapel, and dwelling-house. But his sudden grief brought Dr. Parker to realize how much his own health had been reduced by five years spent in China.

All he felt able to do was to take his family home to relatives in Scotland. But what was to be done with his hospital full of patients? What with the crowded dispensary every day, with people needing help? No other doctor was free to take his place, yet to close down seemed out of the question.

It came as a great surprize to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor when Dr. Parker asked them to take over this prosperous work. Upon their knees in earnest prayer they sought the will of the Lord. Did they not have several very capable native workers already? Why should they allow either the hos-

pital or the dispensary to be closed? As to funds—well, Dr. Parker had little to leave, but prayer had not lost its power; or if it had, they might as well retire from the field.

Strong, therefore, in the inward assurance that God had opened up this greater sphere of usefulness for them, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left the Bridge Street work largely to the care of their colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and prepared to move to Dr. Parker's.

Little as Mrs. Taylor realized it, her husband could hardly have taken these greater responsibilities had it not been for her valuable assistance. She relieved him of all account-keeping, correspondence, household cares, management of servants, and, to a great extent, direction of his hospital staff. She even found time to do a great deal in the wards among women patients, and spent many hours in caring for both the souls and bodies of those in the dispensary.

Thus her beloved husband had freedom from these cares to direct the large establishment and give himself more exclusively to hospital and spiritual work. His heart continually drew upon divine resources. He well knew that the greatness of his outward work could not be sustained were he

to cease the inward cry to Him upon whom its success depended. Calling together his assistants, then, he explained the true state of affairs. Dr. Parker left money to meet expenses of the current month, but after that they must look directly to the Lord for supplies. He would not guarantee stated salaries, because he would not go into debt, whatever happened. Therefore, any who wished to do so were at liberty to seek other positions, though he should be glad to have them stay if they were prepared to trust the promises of God.

As Mr. Taylor expected, those who were not whole-hearted Christians did leave, thus making places for the Bridge Street workers who had already been taught to trust God for the temporal as well as the spiritual. Even all the patients knew upon what basis the hospital was run now; so with eagerness they watched the outcome.

Dr. Parker's money was finished and Hudson Taylor's own supplies were low, but daily he and his band of faithful workers placed the need before Him whom they served. And this was one of the sorest tests Mr. Taylor had ever experienced on this line, for now so much more was involved. One morning the cook appeared, to say to his master that the last bag of rice had been

opened. "Then the Lord's time for helping us must be close at hand," was his reply. Just so. Before that bag of rice was finished, a check for two hundred and fifty dollars came from Mr. Berger, of far-away England.

The beauty of this gift was that when Mr. Berger's letter was written, Mrs. Parker's death had not occurred yet; so of course Mr. Berger knew nothing of the increased needs of Hudson Taylor at that particular time. No wonder Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and their staff were overcome with joy and praise. The patients in the hospital hardly knew what to make of the song and shouts of joy. But how they listened, those men and women who had known nothing all their lives but blank, empty heathenism!

"Where is the idol that can do anything like that?" they asked. "Have they ever delivered us in our troubles, or answered prayer after this sort?"

But James Hudson Taylor had learned before leaving England "to move man, through God, by prayer alone."

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE FURLOUGH-NEW MISSION FOUNDED

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," was fulfilled in a very real way in the case of him whose life we are tracing. During his first year in charge of the hospital and chapel handed over by Dr. Parker, Mr. Taylor had the joy of seeing many sin-sick souls healed, as well as of giving relief to hundreds of suffering bodies.

But the strength of this missionary was taxed to the utmost. He got only a few hours' sleep out of every twenty-four, and was constantly giving out temporal, physical, and spiritual help to all around him. As a result of this strenuous life and of his having deprived himself so often of real necessities during his first four years in China, now at the end of six years in the Far-Eastern land Dr. Taylor had about reached the limit of physical endurance.

Seeing such a vast open field before them, both he and Mrs. Taylor had keen longings to travel far into the interior provinces, which were now open to the influences of Europe and America. Long and earnest were the many prayers they offered for helpers to come out from the homeland. And home-



land hearts were being prepared, too, to hear the call necessary for God to make if those oft-repeated prayers were to be answered.

The appeal from China was finally put into letter form and mailed to England. The help needed was five fellow missionaries willing for the same simple line of things which they themselves had. But in his providence God wished to use Dr. Taylor in the homeland to stimulate sympathy for missions, and to have him make his own personal appeal for helpers.

His health continued to fail until it was evident that the long sea-voyage to England was the only hope of his life. Reluctantly, therefore, the last good-by was said to all that was dear in Ningpo, but two busy weeks were spent in Shanghai making final preparations. Four months at sea on the Jubilee bound for London gave ample time for quietness, prayer, and meditation.

Whether they were alone in their cabin by day, or gazing into the starry heavens by night, or taking a sunrise walk on the deck, never did their deepest fancy build for them an air-castle equal to the reality of the future! True, they looked hopefully into the future, trusting for restored health, fellow missionaries, and a return to China. But

never in those days did James Hudson Taylor have a thought of the true facts awaiting developments—China open to the gospel; a mission of his own simple style at work in the most distant provinces; ten hundred stations and outstations; over a thousand missionaries, and more than two thousand native evangelists, pastors, teachers, and Bible women; over seven million dollars put into his hands to help along the work of such a mission and that without a collection or single appeal for money!

How could his faith ever have been enlarged, or his imagination have been stretched, to include such a growth of a work from his own humble beginning during those first few years in China? But the man whose life is traced in this little volume was simply a tool in the hands of the great Master Builder. It is He who causes the giant oak to spring forth from an insignificant little acorn. What great possibilities are wrapped up in young men and young women today! Any lad or lassie who gives to Jesus the few loaves and fishes which he or she may possess may see the multitudes fed.

The five new workers for whom Mr. Taylor was praying were really found, some of whom lived to spend more than half a century in that great mission-field. The going forth of the five to continue

the work of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor only stimulated the faith of these two missionaries to ask for greater things. They tried to find societies at home who would undertake the evangelization of the inland provinces, but none were willing to do so at that time.

While Mr. Taylor was pondering and praying over the matter this suggestion came to his mind: "If you see these things more clearly than others, why not go forward yourself, and trust God to accomplish his purposes through you? Go yourself to inland China! If power in prayer be granted, what is to hinder your obtaining the men and the means? Five have already been given for the Ningpo work: why not a larger number to meet the greater need?"

With this conviction burning in his soul, Mr. Taylor slipped away quietly on Sunday morning, June 25, 1865, to the sands of the seashore near Brighton, heavily burdened over the great responsibility. Then the thought came, "Suppose God does give a band of men for China, and they reach those inland regions, and should all die of starvation or should they be killed in riots, would not friends at home blame him for taking them out?"

While he was in agonizing prayer over the mat-

ter the Spirit of God spoke to him: "Why burdened thus? If you are simply obeying God, all the responsibility must be left with *him*, and not with you."

"Very well," responded the waiting soul to this welcome assurance; "Thou, Lord, shalt be responsible for them and for me too."

In the quiet home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Berger at Saint Hill the foundation of the future mission was laid in long and prayerful talks over the important doctrines of the Word of God. Principles upon which the mission was to be conducted were as prayerfully thought out. "Grace and guidance, men and means, faith and the fulness of the Spirit for this service, all were sought and found by this little company of men and women on their knees, who had been taught to trust in the simple promises of God; and trusting, to obey."

They agreed that the mission should be undenominational in that it should hold to no particular creed, except the general principles of evangelical Christianity. And it was to be interdenominational in that workers would be accepted from all evangelical denominations. The policy of its founder, never to go into debt, was woven into the new mission, and is still adhered to. It was to be called

the "China Inland Mission," because its centers of operation were to be away from the coast, out in the interior provinces of China. Mr. Berger accepted the duties of Home Director.

During the remainder of that year and the early spring of 1866, the Mission was further developed, and a party of missionaries were being prepared to enter the field.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THIRTY-NINE MORE YEARS OF LABOR

On the 26th of May, 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor found themselves the leaders of a party of twenty-two missionaries, including all the children. They were embarked on the good ship Lammermuir for China. Imagine the warm welcome they received a few months later from the little band at work in Ningpo.

At once they set about opening up new stations, and within the next few years had working centers at Hangchow, Chinkiang, Yangchow, Shaoshing, Nanking, and many other important cities. But this was accomplished with no little sacrifice and suffering. At Yangchow especially did they encounter a riot which all but took their lives. In the spring of 1867 a messenger from the glory world called the eight-year-old little Grace Taylor to joys above. Three years later the mother, Mrs. Hudson Taylor, followed her, having been preceded two or three days by an infant son. With a heavenly smile, and a looking right into the eyes of her husband, Mrs. Taylor said: "You know, dearest, that for ten years past there has not been a cloud between my soul and my Savior. I can not be sorry

to go to him. But I grieve to leave you alone at this time. Perhaps I ought not to be sorry though, for He will be with you and will supply all your need."

And then she fell asleep in Jesus July 23, 1870, and was buried at Chinkiang, by the side of her children who had gone on before.

News from Mr. and Mrs. Berger gave evidence that the work at the home base was growing beyond their limits and strength, and this combined with other circumstances made a second return to England necessary for Mr. Taylor. The closing days of 1872 saw him again on the field. This time he was able to remain only a year or two, when the work of the Mission and his own ill health demanded another trip to England.

Though confronted all the years by riots, wars, deaths among the missionaries, shortage of funds, and many other obstructions, yet the work of the Mission had grown to such a size that one could not help but recognize that God's hand was upon it. In 1880 there were seventy stations occupied by as many missionaries. But the increasing demands of the work required more men. So Mr. Taylor called a convention at Wuchang, where many of the workers met him. They pledged

themselves to pray for seventy more missionaries during the next three years; and at the end of that time the prayer was fully answered. Then in 1885 a blessing was added by the coming of seven graduates from Cambridge University.

As Mr. Taylor could no longer direct this growing work without help, district superintendents were appointed in the different provinces. At the beginning of 1887 prayer was made for a hundred new workers during that year, and just before Christmas the last detachment of that hundred were ready to depart for China.

It was while Mr. Taylor was again in England that he was urged by a successful business man in New York State to establish a branch of the C. I. M. in North America. At first the proposal was not hopeful, but a little later another request came from Mr. Moody for Mr. Taylor to attend the Students' Summer School at Northfield the following year. After this request there came an invitation to take part in the Niagara Conference. These were accepted, but with no thought of results.

But at any rate, a North-American branch of the China Inland Mission was established; and later a branch in Scotland, in Sweden, and in



Australia were great assets to the work both in men and in money. Thus the Mission whose founder went out to China alone, a physically frail young man having neither a theological, a university, nor a medical degree, and no financial backing except the divine promises "between the covers of his pocket Bible"—that Mission, we are thankful to say, has never taken a backward step for lack of funds.

It has steadily increased from one man and one station during a period of sixty-eight years, or until Jan. 1, 1922, so that by the blessing of God the figures stand as follows:

Missionaries .....	1,073
Paid Chinese Helpers .....	1,968
Voluntary Chinese Helpers .....	1,876
Stations .....	251
Outstations .....	1,633
Chapels .....	1,332
Hospitals .....	11
Dispensaries .....	100
Native Schools .....	484
Baptisms .....	86,831
Students in schools at Chefoo for chil- dren of the missionaries.....	300

Prayer, faith, sacrifice, and service—these were

elements composing the good seed that was sown some threescore and ten years ago. Having germinated, this seed grew into the wonderful Mission which we see today. It is a lesson teaching us that "God honors faith, answers prayer, and never fails those who attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God."

## CHAPTER XX

### THE FINAL HOME-GOING

While he was taking a rest in Switzerland another great sorrow came into the life of our hero, occasioned by the death of his second wife, whose devotion to him and his God was most helpful in health and in sickness. Soon afterwards—early in 1905—he had a fervent desire again to visit China. His son and daughter-in-law, Dr. Howard and Geraldine Taylor traveled with him, but so feeble was their father that at times it looked as though he could not outlive the voyage.

But eventually the land of his adoption was reached, and after a brief stay in Shanghai, where he saw most of the members of the China Council, who had remained after their April sittings to meet him, he proceeded up the Yangtse River. The aged founder of the Inland Mission was determined to visit the once bitterly antiforeign province of Hunan, in the heart of China, where he had never gone before. It was the last of the eighteen provinces to be opened to the gospel. A few missionaries were at work there now, in the capital city of Chang-Sha and Mr. Taylor wanted just to go and see.

Traveling by boat, by train, and by chair, the little party passed through very many places where their own missionaries were stationed, and at every place the Chinese Christians especially bestowed great honor and respect upon their "venerable Pastor." Red satin banners containing golden characters were presented to him, one of which literally translated, meant, "Inland China's grace man." Another meant, "Benefactor of China." Still at another place in honor of his birthday, which came while there, a banner was given bearing the inscription, "O man greatly beloved."

The little party of travelers were warmly welcomed into the mission home by their workers at Chang-Sha on Thursday the first of June. Friday they were conveyed in sedan-chairs to different places of interest in the city, one of which was a lofty building on the highest part of the city wall. From here Mr. Taylor was charmed with the delightful view before him of the great city, and of the mountains, plains, and rivers surrounding it. He also visited the site of several acres which the governor was giving for their medical mission.

Saturday morning the "venerable Pastor" addressed a congregation of Chinese who had assembled for worship. Dr. and Mrs. Keller planned a

reception, to give all the missionaries an opportunity of meeting this aged pioneer of the cross. "He looked so fresh and nice," wrote Mrs. Geraldine Taylor afterwards, "when he came down at four o'clock to greet the friends who were gathering. . . . One by one they came and sat beside him, devoted workers representing six or seven different societies, over thirty in all, including our own C. I. M. friends."

After all had left, his son, Dr. Howard Taylor, persuaded him to go up-stairs to rest, although he said he was not specially tired. When the evening meal was ready, as he did not feel inclined to go down-stairs a tray was carried to his room. Then the son helped him to bed and called his wife to sit with the aged man a little while. Mrs. Taylor was standing outside on the veranda. Of her experience at this time she afterwards wrote:

"Twilight had fallen then, and darkness veiled the distant mountains and river. Here and there a few glimmering lights dotted the vast expanse of the grey-roofed city. All was silent under the star-lit sky. Enjoying the cool and quietness, I stood alone a while, thinking of father. But oh, how little one realized what was happening then, or dreamed that in less than one half-hour our loved

one would be with the Lord! Was the golden gate already swinging back on its hinges? Were the hosts of welcoming angels gathering to receive his spirit? Had the Master himself arisen to greet his faithful friend and servant?"

Entering the room of the aged man, Mrs. Taylor found the lighted lamp on the chair beside his bed. He was leaning over with a letter in his hand and others spread out before him. "Could you not read us something interesting while Father has his tea?" asked she of her husband, knowing that would please the father. Taking up a book, the son asked; "Where did you leave off?" and at once the father pointed out the exact place. His mind was still perfectly clear. But before sitting down, the son went to bring something else for the tray. Meanwhile, Mrs. Taylor was leafing through the pages of the *Missionary Review*, at which the elderly man had been looking.

Suddenly the old missionary turned his head on the pillow and gave a little gasp. He did not speak, nor was he choking, nor distressed for breath. He did not seem conscious of anything then. The son and other friends were called. They came at once, but "*He was not, for God took him.*"

“The look of calm and rest that came over his face was wonderful! The weariness of years faded away in a few moments, and the very room seemed filled with unutterable peace.”

Gloriously translated on June 3, 1905, was James Hudson Taylor, from Chang-Sha, Hunan, the heart of China. “It was certainly remarkable that he who had given his life to open the closed provinces of inland China should, ere he died, have been permitted to enter into the capital of the last province to be opened to the gospel, and from that, the most appropriate spot on earth, should be called to his everlasting reward.”

The Chinese Christians at that place would not be denied the privilege of making a gift of the most beautiful coffin that could be bought in Chang-Sha. They argued: “The Lord had brought him to Chang-Sha and had permitted them to look upon his face. From their midst he had been translated to glory. Hunan Christians had been the last to hear his voice and to receive his blessing. Theirs must be the privilege of providing for his last needs.”

All that remained of the Mission's founder was taken by boat to Chinkiang, the attendants being joined at different points on the way by other mem-

bers of the Mission. The long funeral procession at seven o'clock on Friday morning, June 9, wended its way on foot to the English cemetery at the foot of the green hills near the river.

In keeping with the Chinese custom to wear white at funerals, Mr. Taylor's two sons were dressed entirely in white, while other members of the Mission wore a white scarf about the shoulders. The service at the grave was conducted by Mr. D. E. Hoste—successor to Mr. Taylor as General Director of the Mission—after which Mr. Saunders gave an address in Chinese, "just as Mr. Taylor would have it, little about himself, but much about his Master."

The Methodist school for Chinese girls at Chinkiang was represented by many of its young lady students dressed in white, who with their trained voices led the hymns *Jesus Lover of My Soul* and *Sleep on Beloved*, the refrain of the latter being "Good Night."















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